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The Nation

Vol. CVII NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1918 No. 2778

The Week

THE last seven days have brought no decisive news from the western front. The American troops are well up under the defences of Metz, with their line stabilized, and their shelling of the city by long-range cannon admitted by the German official bulletin. The English have renewed their attacks against the Hindenburg line and have taken a bite here and a bite there, while the Allied drive upon St. Quentin has continued steadily, if slowly, and with the success of determination. At this writing it does not look as if St. Quentin could hold out much longer. But there is obviously a new phase developing. The German retreat has stopped, and the attacks upon the Hindenburg line are of the utmost importance as showing whether that line is or is not impregnable or to be taken at a prohibitive cost. It is once more with direct frontal attacks on fortifications that we are dealing. There is every prospect that in view of the extraordinary duration of the battle, the tenacity of the Allied forces, and their hitherto unequalled ability to keep on fighting, together with Foch's admirable generalship in alternating the attacks, the Hindenburg line may prove by no means the obstacle which it was a year ago. There are also gratifying signs that there is to be no let-up in the attacks as long as the fighting weather lasts. As an indication of what we may expect in the spring, the movements of the next few weeks should be particularly important.

MEANWHILE, General Allenby has won the greatest of his long series of victories in Palestine, having taken Nazareth, occupied Haifa and Acre, dispersed two entire Turkish armies, and captured 25,000 Turkish prisoners and 260 guns, together with an immense amount of rolling stock and locomotives. Strategically and tactically, this seems to have been one of the most remarkable actions of the entire war, with cavalry once more to the front. Its encircling movement along the coast was carried out so carefully, yet so brilliantly, that the enemy was entirely unaware of its approach until too late. This places in Allenby's hands almost the whole of Jewish Palestine and makes impossible any counter-stroke on the part of the Turks. It offsets wholly the disappointment due to the news that the little British detachment which had reached Baku, in Trans-Caucasia, has been compelled to return to North Persia because of the lack of support from the ragged Armenian troops which were opposing the Turks. While sentimentally this retirement hurts, for there were vast possibilities for a strong offensive from Baku, the war will, after all, be decided in the west, and nowhere else. This is also true in regard to the past week's splendid development in Macedonia, where the Servian and French troops have advanced many miles, taken a number of towns and more than ten thousand prisoners, reached the Vardar and the Struma Rivers, and cut a vital railway. The victory over the Bulgarians seems to have been overwhelming, and almost to suggest a disaster for them.

THE two days' conference held in New York last week under the auspices of the American Committee for Armenian and Syrian Relief bore striking testimony to chivalrous heroism amid grim suffering. The conference was a gathering of those who know local conditions in Armenia, Persia, Mesopotamia, Asia Minor, and the Caucasus, with war, famine, pestilence, and persecution all rampant. They described the way in which relief actually reaches its destination, impossible as it may seem, and told of the ingenuity with which employment is provided, in order to limit direct giving to the minimum. As one fruit of the war chaos, it appears, nearly a score of missionaries have already given their lives, while a large number of them are courageously facing death from typhus or cholera, or in a dozen other ugly forms. The conference was told how dearly the Armenians sell their lives whenever they get weapons, and how heroically Greeks and Armenians by the tens of thousands endure suffering and horror to the utmost limit rather than save themselves by confessing Islam. Ambassadors Morgenthau and Elkus, Bishop Gore, of Oxford; Mr. Cleveland H. Dodge, Professor Hall, of the American College in Beirut; Greeks, Armenians, Syrians, missionaries, Red Cross men in khaki—all combined to emphasize the importance to the new world that we hope for after the war of a Near East freed from Turkish control and not robbed of its progressive elements, Christian and Jewish. With the twelve million dollars thus far gathered by the Armenian and Syrian Relief Committee, a start has been made in the task of conserving these peoples for civilization.

PUBLIC interest in the progress of events in Russia has been overtopped, for the moment at least, by the American protest against the outrages and massacres which are taking place on an increasing scale in that distracted country. President Wilson is not inclined to be hysterical, nor has he shown a disposition to act hastily upon mere rumor or general allegation; and while detailed statistics have not been made public, we may be confident that the American note would not have asserted that "thousands of persons have been shot without even a form of trial," that "every night scores of Russian citizens are recklessly put to death," and that "irresponsible bands are venting their brutal passions in the daily massacres of untold innocents," unless the proofs of the terrible indictment were overwhelming. Mr. Wilson does well to impress the point that any action to be taken by the Allied or neutral Governments "is entirely divorced from the atmosphere of belligerency and the conduct of war." Such a counsel of perfection may not work out in full to Mr. Wilson's satisfaction; yet it is of great value to emphasize the point of view as he has done. As the matter stands, on the face of press reports, concerning which it is necessary to maintain the utmost reserve, or even skepticism, the Bolsheviki may have only themselves to thank if intervention goes further. In the meantime, every effort ought to be made to supply Russia with food, even at the risk of allowing some of it to fall into German hands.

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WE must reserve detailed comment upon the amazing series of alleged Russian documents which the Committee on Public Information is publishing widely in the newspapers until the publication is complete, and the facsimiles, which are promised when the documents are issued in pamphlet form, are available. Meantime, however, something more than Mr. Creel's and Mr. Sisson's denials will be needed to rebut the charge that the documents, in many instances if not as a whole, are bare-faced forgeries. Some of the earlier ones appear to be identical with documents which a Paris newspaper examined about a year ago and pronounced spurious, while a number of others have now had their glaring inconsistencies pointed out by the New York *Evening Post*. The most serious attack upon them, however, is made by Mr. Nuorteva, head of the Finnish Information Bureau at New York, in a communication given to the press on September 22. Some time in January last, according to Mr. Nuorteva, certain Russian counter-revolutionists who were interested in discrediting the Soviet Government placed in the hands of Raymond Robins, of Chicago, then the head of the American Red Cross mission in Russia, a series of documents tending to show that the Soviet Government was having improper dealings with Germany. These documents, upon careful examination, were adjudged by Mr. Robins to be forgeries. In some way, however, they passed into the hands of Edgar Sisson, formerly editor of Hearst's *Cosmopolitan*, who had been sent to Russia by the Committee on Public Information, and who, although at first inclined to Mr. Robins's view that the documents were forgeries, nevertheless cabled them to Washington. Mr. Creel, notwithstanding Mr. Nuorteva's assertions, is reported to have pronounced the documents "absolutely authentic," while Mr. Sisson is quoted as saying that the larger number of the documents were neither handled nor even seen by any American before they came into his possession. The whole transaction is obviously one which the Government should lose no time in setting right.

REPORTS of food riots in Amsterdam have been followed by a statement from Secretary Lansing, who explains that large supplies of foodstuffs are held ready for the people of the Netherlands, provided they will come and get them. The Secretary of State points out that there are some 400,000 tons of shipping lying idle in Dutch harbors, but that German threats of submarine retaliation have forced the Netherlands Government to keep both ships and sailors at home. Dutch mariners, it is certain, do not lack courage. If they knew that they could keep their country from starvation by sailing the ocean, they would sail. Allied taking over of Dutch ships may not be without influence on their action. Dutch vessels, for example, which had dropped in at our ports on their way from South America to Holland, intending to continue their voyage at once with their own bunker-coal and their own supplies, were first refused permission to leave port, and then after two or three months were brought under the American flag to carry supplies and munitions for the benefit of the Allies. The Dutch, accordingly, may hesitate to risk their ships on voyages to American shores. Evidently we have reached a point where something must be done. From the side of Holland we have noticed certain signs indicating a desire to remove present difficulties. The appointment of Mr. J. E. Inckel to act as Colonial Adviser to the Netherlands Legation at Washington and facilitate our trade with Java and Sumatra, and the proposal made by a number of patriotic Hollanders to send us a delegation of distinguished men and explain Holland's true sentiments, must be regarded as evidences of good-will. We on our part cannot forget that twice in our national emergencies Holland stepped forward to aid us—in the financing of the American Revolution and of our first Civil War loans. We can afford to be generous in our dealings with this friendly people.

THE figures given out by the United States Shipping Board on September 21 make possible for the first time a clear view of the submarine situation, so far as the menace to shipping is concerned. According to the Board, the loss by submarine sinkings from August, 1914, to September, 1918, aggregated 7,457,088 dead-weight tons in excess of the tonnage built by the Allied and neutral nations during the same period. This total is offset, however, by the seizure of 3,795,000 tons of enemy shipping. The actual decrease of Allied and neutral tonnage, accordingly, amounts to only 3,362,088 tons. Taking the world tonnage as a whole, aggregate losses of 21,404,913 tons during the war have been offset by 14,247,825 tons of construction. This is certainly a hopeful showing, but there is additional encouragement in the figures of American shipbuilding which the Board presents. At the outbreak of the war the total American merchant tonnage aggregated only 2,750,000 tons. There have been built since August, 1917, 3,017,238 tons. If to this be added foreign or domestic tonnage requisitioned, enemy tonnage seized, and domestic tonnage available but not yet taken over by the Government, we have a grand total of 9,511,915 tons now controlled by the Shipping Board. For the month of August, American tonnage built was alone greater than the total losses for the month. Such figures carry their own comment. The submarine warfare has failed, however great the injury which it has inflicted or the annoyance which it may still cause.

MR. HOOVER has issued another appeal to the country. Phrased in his usual admirable manner, it none the less must bring home to the nation the sense of the steadily increasing approach of the war to each one of us, for he warns us that in order to support the huge army abroad we must cut down our food supplies and reduce ourselves voluntarily to the conditions existing in foreign countries. He will not ration us, but he does ask further reductions in hotel bills of fare and in portions served. A further reduction of half a pound in the breadstuffs used by each individual will solve that part of the problem, and there must be savings in the use of coffee, tea, and innumerable other things. All of this is necessary if we are not only to feed the Allies, but to maintain our fighting force. He puts this at 3,500,000, thus raising the question whether without undue strain on both food and shipping we could possibly go to the 5,000,000 demanded by Messrs. Roosevelt and Taft. The American people, we are sure, will as cheerfully and willingly consent to this further shortening of their food supplies, as they have done heretofore.

THE American press has made a great point of the alleged victory of Mr. Gompers in inducing the Inter-Allied Labor and Socialist Conference at London to adopt a resolution calling upon the Allied Governments to adopt President Wilson's fourteen peace points as the basis of a

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joint declaration of war policy. The victory, such as it was, is of small proportions. As a matter of fact, most of the peace terms which Mr. Wilson put so effectively in his address of January 8 had already been laid down by the British Labor party in its preliminary statement of war aims, at the end of December. Mr. Gompers must have been singularly ignorant of the course of public discussion in labor circles in England if he did not know that Mr. Wilson's terms had already been practically accepted, not only by labor leaders, but by Mr. Lloyd George, and that their formal approval by such a body as the Inter-Allied Conference was a foregone conclusion. What Mr. Gompers appears to have encountered is not victory, but defeat. His mission to England, according to statements given out in this country before he sailed, had three principal objects: to strengthen the purpose of British labor to go on with the war, to rebuke and confound the Socialist influence in labor councils, and to end the talk of an international conference in which enemy countries should be represented. What he found was a labor opinion solidly in favor of going on with the war until the Central Powers are willing to make peace, and needing no bracing from him to strengthen its determination. Moreover, he had to meet in conference on English soil the very Socialists to whose influence he is opposed. As to an international conference, his motion that "we will meet in conference only those of the Central Powers which are in open revolt against their autocratic Governments" was defeated on a vote by nationalities by 63 to 26. If Mr. Gompers can see victory in this outcome, he is certainly an irrepressible optimist.

THE appointment of the Solicitor-General, Mr. John W. Davis, as Ambassador to London marks a radical departure in the tradition of our highest diplomatic position. The post has usually been held for *literati* or distinguished public men like Joseph H. Choate. If Mr. Page could not rank with John Hay or James Russell Lowell, he had, after all, the literary tradition. No man precisely like Mr. Davis has in fifty years at least been sent to London. In letters he is known not at all, and in public life only to habitués of Washington. Yet he is a man of unusual ability who at forty-five years so holds the attention and wins the respect of the Supreme Court that it listens to his brief and vigorous presentation of his case with an attention bestowed upon almost no other lawyer who appears before it. That he will yet sit as a member of the Court by grace of Woodrow Wilson has been a conventional prophecy in the capital. Prematurely white-haired, with a fine countenance, it will take Mr. Davis no time at all to make his mark in London. Mr. Wilson may rely upon having an extremely efficient representative wholly in accord with his views, and one who cannot be imposed upon, however destitute of actual diplomatic experience he may be.

THE passing of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York has brought, not the conventional grief of the officially afflicted few, but a lively sense of personal loss to many Americans, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile. The mourning of his friends—he had no enemies—of all creeds, is a tribute to the truly Catholic nature of Cardinal Farley's priesthood. Born in Ireland nearly seventy-seven years ago, the son of a peasant innkeeper, he became a Prince of the Catholic Church. As a Cardinal-Prince he was subject, even as the humblest of the faithful, to the law of his Church, whose best qualities were admirably exemplified by his humility, piety, and simplicity of life. In fulfilment of his function as a Catholic priest he was required to organize his people for the supreme effort of citizenship demanded by war, and this duty he discharged even with his dying strength. He had diligence, patience, tact, and, above all, trustworthiness. Hence his superiors relied increasingly upon him, and the scope of his service was gradually enlarged from the affairs of his parish to the cares of the archdiocese of New York.

THE San Carlo Opera Company, just closing a four weeks' season at the Shubert, has repeated its gratifying success of last year. It demonstrates the certainty of a demand here for the kind of opera one gets in every Italian city from Aosta to Palermo—opera "for its own sake," if one may borrow the cant term—opera well and conscientiously done in virtuous independence of the star-cast policy and the fetish of great voices. This marks the maturing of American musical taste. After all, contrary to opinion hitherto popular, great voices are not scarce. One hears in two weeks enough great voices on Italian city streets to stock all the opera houses of the Continent. Some of our best singers, moreover, have not great voices. Clement, for example, an incomparable singer, has by no means a great voice; there were better baritones than Renaud, but few singers like him. The chief thing is to hear opera well done; if by Chaliapin or Selma Kurz, so much the better, but primarily to hear it well done. This is the kind of opportunity furnished by companies like the San Carlo, and it cannot be over-appreciated. We wish a Russian and a French company of the same order might come along for a gentle enlargement of the popular répertoire—a company like Mr. Rosing's in London two years ago, for instance, which gave admirable Russian opera. The venture failed there, but we believe it would be commercially profitable here—certainly in New York, and probably in Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. We have had a sort of taste of Russian opera, but nothing by any means to endear it to us. A Russian company giving us works like "Pique-Dame," "Roussalka," "Eugen Onegin," and "A May Night," to supplement the Metropolitan's few specialties, would be a great possession. As for French opera, there was talk last year of a visiting company made up from the Opéra-Comique, but nothing came of it.

THERE is no reason whatever for the present chaotic situation in college football. All that is needed is a little plain common-sense on the part of the authorities and the commandants at the universities, with definite instructions to the undergraduates as to what they can do. As the matter now stands, it is the belief of President Wilson and the War Department that sports should be continued by the students so long as they do not demand time needed for study and drill, and the hours of work can be and will be so arranged as to permit at least one hour of daylight every day for practice in football. This is ample for the purpose under present war conditions, and has worked very well for years at West Point. Let the authorities call in two or three of the old football men, now directors in training camps, give them the schedules, divide the colleges into zones, and rearrange the dates to fit regulations. This would put an end to all the pother.

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"The Nation" and the Post Office

AS announced in the press, the Post Office Department's ban upon our issue of September 14 was lifted on the 18th, and it was accepted for transmission on that day. According to a dispatch to the New York *Times*, the release was the result of direct interference by the President himself. We should like to believe that this is true, for it is absolutely consistent with Mr. Wilson's expressed ideas as to what the policy of the Government should be, bears out our insistence that the numerous abuses would cease if the President were made aware of them, and sets to his subordinates a proper example of wise tolerance and just respect for the priceless liberty of the press. No unfavorable decision was given to the *Nation*. We were merely notified that the issue had been referred to Washington for an opinion, and then, five days later, that it had been mailed on the 18th. We are, however, the more ready to believe that Mr. Burleson was overruled because the *World To-Morrow* had actually received an official order barring it from the mails when a telegram from Washington on the same day caused a complete reversal of the ruling.

Assuming the accuracy of the *Times* report, there is no question that the President's action is one of great moment to the press of this country. Yet the daily newspapers, with some honorable exceptions like the New York *World*, the Chicago *Tribune*, and the New York *Call*, are as blind to its significance as they have been blind to the fact that though they defeated the first legislative proposal early in the war, a far worse and less responsible censorship has since gradually obtained over the minor press a control which, in the manner of its enforcement, has aroused profoundest misgivings. The public, too, is not cognizant of the extremes to which it has gone; it merely believes that a few anarchistic or pro-German publications have been suppressed. It has been misled because the activities of the Department have been devoted largely to Socialist or German-language publications and to periodicals little able to defend themselves. No journal of the standing of the *Nation* had been molested before.

As to our offending, we were informed in Washington that the questioned article was that entitled "The One Thing Needful" and not "Civil Liberty Dead," which, we were told, was entirely within the law, though it had been seized upon by the daily press as the *casus belli*. Apparently, what stung was the characterization of Mr. Gompers as representing "political bagmanism" and our sharp criticism of the Administration's pending labor policies. As every one who read it knows, there was in it neither information of aid to Germany nor sedition. What was disliked was the tone—that we should dare to criticise Mr. Gompers as millions of Americans, besides three-quarters of the French and British labor worlds, are criticising him. We were assured that if this article were torn out, the rest of the issue could be mailed. To this we replied that we were determined that the Department should go on record; that the press of this country should know whether a mantle of sanctity covers all the activities of Mr. Gompers and whether it is now *lèse majesté* in America to criticise the head of the American Federation of Labor. Had this article been barred, we should have had to take the case to the Supreme Court for the sake of the principle involved and the right of the press to criticise an unofficial personality.

Obviously, what happens to the *Nation* itself is, despite its fifty-three years of honorable and patriotic service, of little importance compared to the principles at stake. Surely, the President appreciates, if his subordinates do not, the tremendous injury it would be to this country's cause in this war if the liberal elements in this country and abroad were to discover that there is less freedom of utterance and criticism here than in Europe. With the toleration in Germany of the *Vorwärts*, the *Leipziger Volkszeitung*, Maximilian Harden's *Zukunft*, and many others, America, battling for the safeguarding of democracy, cannot afford to be one whit less liberal than Prussia, or one whit less liberal than the England which in war time permits the *Labour Herald* and *Labour Leader* to speak of this as a capitalistic war, pure and simple, and allows the publication of the *Cambridge Magazine*, the London *Nation*, and the Sinn Fein press. Yet this freedom of dissent is a true national safety-valve; more than that, it is a mark of true democracy without which in war time any pretension to democracy lays itself open to the charge of hypocrisy.

Now we would not deny the difficulty of controlling the press in war time. With a censorship to avoid the leakage of military secrets and to prevent incitements to treason and other crimes, everybody, except a few extremists, must be in sympathy. But the difficulty about our censorship is that it has not stopped there. Mr. Burleson informed the press at the outset that every Socialist organ was in danger, not because it was Socialist, but because of the doctrines it taught! No paper, he said, would be allowed to affirm that this is a capitalistic war—thus demonstrating beyond all question his misconception of his task. It seems that he no longer merely seeks to prevent sedition and treason, but aims to *control public opinion*. He declared lately to two clergymen-editors whose international views he did not like, that they could not edit any publication that he would pass! No wonder Mr. Wilson had to overrule. Again, Mr. Lamar has come to one of the most vitally important, difficult, and trying tasks of this war from almost a lifetime of departmental routine, spent, until war came, in dealing with printers of obscene literature, defaulting postal officials, and the petty offenders or legal problems of peace time. So important is his task that only a man of national standing, of tested and truest democracy, of international experience and knowledge, should have been assigned to it—a man to rank with John Morley and James Bryce abroad, with Moorfield Storey, the Nestor of the American Bar, at home, or a liberal jurist like Judge Learned Hand, or a distinguished editor like Dr. Albert Shaw. In other words, what is needed is men whose vision is not bounded by Texas or Maryland and departmental life in the District of Columbia. The dispatching of mail and the censorship of the nation's press are totally unrelated things which should never have been connected.

It would be very easy to ridicule Messrs. Lamar and Burleson, or to wax sarcastic at their expense. We have no desire to do either, for we pity their plight and have for them a good deal of sympathy. For one thing, they are between two fires—between the liberals who demand as their constitutional right the privilege of dissent, and the reactionaries who would out-Kaiser the Kaiser. Tons of mail pour in upon them, mostly abusive, from both sides. They cannot personally read all the press; hence a horde of underlings untrained for such a task assist with such

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results as the suppression of *Unity* for publishing a poem of Browning's, and the *Freeman's Journal* (what's in a name?) for printing figures, facts, and arguments compiled last year by Amos Pinchot, which Mr. Kitchin appears to have used freely this year in drawing the pending financial legislation. Such needless official injustice, stupidity, and unfairness have been recorded under this dangerous and all-embracing Espionage Act that if Mr. Wilson's interference means a more liberal policy towards the press, if it should foreshadow the end of narrow official control and the appointment of a Board of Press Revision consisting of men like Albert Shaw, William Allen White, and Herbert Croly—all pro-war liberals—this experience of the *Nation* may prove a milestone in the never-ending battle for editorial freedom and editorial liberty of conscience.

The Socialist Platform

THE platform which the Socialist party has put out for the fall campaign has the capital merit of presenting a real issue, the fundamental issue that is importunately demanding attention all over the world, the issue of involuntary poverty. Since all the political engagements of the Socialists look towards this economic end, they can afford a directness of expression denied to the Republicans and Democrats, between whose fundamental economics, judged by their practical outcome, there is not a pin to choose. Hence in its force and sincerity the platform stands alone among party pronouncements. It is the first political document published in this country which merits comparison with the pronouncement of the British Labor party; and though prophecy is an uncertain business, we shall be unfeignedly surprised if it meets any serious competition in these virtues. Even the new National party, which attempted somewhat the same kind of thing, produced only an Adullamite potpourri with a strong resultant savor of opportunism. We dissent from many of the principles and most of the practical proposals of the Socialist platform; but its manful sincerity is beyond praise.

A programme, however, contemplating what the Duke of Wellington called "a revolution by due course of law," should be really revolutionary; it should hit the right nail on the head, and not merely keep up a semblance of doing so. The American Socialists seem to be lagging somewhat behind their European brethren in a revision of their economics. The Continental democrats see quite clearly that it is privilege, not property, that has furnished them their grievance and their issue, and hence that the usual run of stock Socialist proposals with regard to property is beside the mark. The present platform exhibits more clearly than ever this inveterate confusion of property with privilege. After ascribing the prevalence of involuntary poverty to the control of industrial life by private individuals for private gain, it demands socialization of public-service utilities and natural resources; an excess-profits tax of approximately 100 per cent.; an income tax aimed at the abolition of all incomes above the needs of comfort and security, whatever that means; a progressive inheritance tax rising to 100 per cent. on large estates; and a more adequate corporation tax. Further, the platform declares: "All lands held out of use are to be taxed at full rental value." Such a confusion of proposals, as we see it, indicates that our Socialists have not yet clarified their thought as to the means of attaining the economic end they have set before themselves.

Then, too, the Continental democrat might perhaps complain a little about the extreme orthodoxy of the American Socialists' doctrine of the state. They propose to entrust the state with an almost inconceivable increment of power; although, like Frankenstein, they begin at once to be a little anxious about what the state might do with it.

> Government ownership without democratic management may become a greater menace to the world than the system of private ownership and exploitation which is passing away. Without the control of industry, a democratic government may be a menace to the liberty of the individual. The addition of the immense power over public policy, and over the happiness of the masses, incident to industrial domination, intensifies the menace a thousandfold.

Just so. That is precisely the reason why those better acquainted with the history of the state than the Socialists appear to be are a little reluctant to set up this "immense power over public policy." But what does the platform propose as a safeguard? Shop committees, the unrestricted right to organize and to strike, and an extension of the civil-service appointment system to cover all socialized industries. Is the state, then, to be reformed and regenerated by the principles of trade unionism? This would be a strange moment to propound such a doctrine—when in Great Britain, for example, we have seen the state in twenty-four hours set at naught much that trade unionism had gained in seventy years. In view of this proposal, we must doubt the persistent rumor that the Government is lukewarm towards the Socialists; for surely no Government could fail to welcome such a stupendous aggrandizement of the state as they propose.

It is by the sections dealing with civil liberties and the structure of government that we prefer to remember the platform. Its demands are for the most part moderate, constitutional, arguable, though some are extreme. Among them are a more flexible Constitution; responsibility of the President and Cabinet; responsibility of the courts, and abolition of their power to declare legislation unconstitutional; proportional representation; and an extended use of the initiative and the recall. But what impresses us most favorably is the suggestion in general tone and accent that this party, styled radical and revolutionary, is becoming liberalized. The war is proving a great general solvent of the indurated or sectarian mind. Liberalism is more and more clearly seen as a concern of temper rather than of credenda; and the iron force of conservatism, whether in radical or reactionary groups, has wonderfully relaxed. Formulæ and the *cliché* have largely lost their power of attraction. All of us are being compelled to explore one another's consciousness and continually to plough up our own. It is one of the few tendencies of the times that we should permit freely to have its way with us. Hitherto, perhaps nowhere has the rule of orthodoxy been more stringent than in the Socialist household of faith, and we may welcome the evidence that they, too, have been touched by the finger of the Time Spirit. The platform should be respected as a work of importance, its excellences should be praised, and its defects firmly noted, on the principle so admirably expressed by Jeremy Taylor, that "it is keeping the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, and not identity of opinion, that the Holy Spirit demands of us."

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The Fourth Liberty Loan

THE call for a fourth Liberty Loan draws attention once more to the tremendous scale upon which war financing is being carried on. Unprecedented as were the dimensions of the first three loans, each of them was heavily oversubscribed, the total amount asked for by the Government, $8,000,000,000, being exceeded by no less imposing a sum than $3,800,000,000. Not all of this excess, however, was accepted by the Treasury, the total allotment under the three loans being about $9,978,000,000. If, as is entirely probable, the new loan also should be oversubscribed, the result would be stupendous even in this day of financial marvels. It is perhaps less likely that the number of subscribers will show any such percentage of increase as was shown by 4,500,000 subscribers for the first loan, 9,500,000 for the second, and 17,000,000 for the third—not because of reluctance to subscribe or inability to do so, but because a roll of 17,000,000 probably comes near to representing the maximum number of persons in the country who might be expected to subscribe to a Government loan under any circumstances.

If these huge totals of receipts stagger the imagination, so also do the figures of expenditures which make the present loan necessary. Not long ago we were told that the cost of the war to the United States for the present fiscal year would probably amount to $18,000,000,000. The estimate of total Government expenditures for the fiscal year has now risen to more than $35,000,000,000. The larger part of the outlay, of course, is for the army. On September 17 the War Department laid before Congress a request for an appropriation of $7,347,000,000, in addition to previous estimates, to meet the needs of the expanded military programme. This brings the total army appropriation for the fiscal year to more than $24,000,000,000. Beyond the army and the navy, the aircraft programme, and the ordinary running expenses of the Government, there are urgent needs of the Allies to be provided for if the war is to go on. An advance of $400,000,000 to Great Britain on August 30 brings the total of credits to that country to $3,725,000,000, while the total advances to all the Allies now aggregate more than $7,000,000,000. Nothing else, perhaps, shows so clearly as do these totals of foreign credits the commanding position which the United States has come to hold in the prosecution of the war.

The task of raising by subscription the fourth Liberty Loan will be entered upon on September 28 with a certain amount of spectacle and demonstration, no doubt, but also with a firm confidence, on the part of the public, as well as of those who have the management of the loan particularly in hand, that the entire amount asked for by the Government will be forthcoming. How is one to explain the extraordinary readiness with which the American people have consented to burden themselves with debts which, in ordinary times, would have been regarded as impossible? Doubtless the purchase of a Liberty Bond is not of itself a conclusive proof of patriotism, for the bond is a good investment as well as a contribution to the Government. We cannot but think, however, that the percentage of bondholders who have thought only of the money value of the transaction is quite negligible. An overwhelming proportion of the men and women who have subscribed to the successive Liberty Loans have done so, we believe, not because they felt sure of getting back their money with interest, but because they believed in the cause which the loans were to assist and support. The most ominous threat to Germany, after all, is not the 3,000,000 men whom the United States has under arms, but the 17,000,000 men and women who subscribed the $4,170,000,000 received on account of the third Liberty Loan in full understanding of the use to which the money was to be put.

For the United States the lesson is obvious. The cause to which the country has given its financial support with unparalleled cheerfulness must be kept as clear and simple and untarnished as it appeared to be when America entered the war. There must be no clouding of the issue so far as we are concerned. Alone of all the opponents of Germany, America entered the war with no thought of "making anything" out of it, with no desire for recompense, territory, or political advantage, and with no merely national ends to serve. From that ideal, the highest which has ever been held by any nation in a great war, there must be no departing. The peace terms advocated by President Wilson, hard as some of them may be for the Central Powers, nevertheless hold out the possibility of a saving grace for the peoples and the Governments upon which they will be imposed if the United States and the Allies win the war; and there should be no attempt to distort them by partisan clamor or to read into them a spirit of vindictiveness or selfish ambition which they so obviously lack. The United States is in the war for a single purpose—to defeat Germany and its allies and to bring about peace. It is for the support of that purpose that the fourth Liberty Loan is now to be raised.

The Revolution in the Colleges

WE called attention last week to the crisis in the colleges occasioned by the new Draft Law. The calling into military service of the youth of nineteen and twenty means an unexampled depletion of the student body and makes it practically impossible for the colleges to continue on the old basis. At the same time, the army's pressing need for officers leads the Government to inquire whether these institutions cannot furnish at least part of the required material. The double problem thus presented promises to be solved, in a way creditable to military authorities and colleges alike, by the device of the Student Army Training Corps. With remarkable speed, the colleges are being transformed into preparatory officer-training schools, the change being effected on two weeks' notice. Haverford alone, so far as we are aware, finds itself conscientiously debarred from performing semi-military service, and unostentatiously opens its doors as in years past—a simple act of honesty and courage that will increase the respect felt for the little Quaker institution even among those who do not share its principles.

It is expected that young men of twenty will be mobilized by January 1 next, those of nineteen by April 1, and those of eighteen by June 1. The S. A. T. C. offers a means whereby these men (and others of draft age) may obtain intensive training previous to mobilization, with a view to becoming officers. Any college with a hundred male students may apply for the establishment of a branch of the S. A. T. C., which is organized by the college in conformity with the requirements of the Government. Candidates for

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admission must have the equivalent of a four years' high-school course. Those admitted become enlisted men in the United States army, and are under military discipline, being uniformed, fed, and housed at the expense of the Government, and receiving the pay of enlisted men, $30 a month. The young men of twenty have three months of study, beginning October 1; those of nineteen, six months; those of eighteen, nine months. The curriculum is in part determined by the particular institution concerned, but must in every case include a course on the issues of the war, and one other course from a list prescribed by the War Department. As an example, in their final quarter, men in Columbia University aiming to enter the infantry have courses in issues of the war, topography and map-making, hygiene and sanitation, and military law; while would-be artillerymen substitute mathematics and physics for the last two. Infantry candidates remaining for two or three quarters study a modern language, and have a choice of electives in the earlier quarters. Students successfully completing the course may be transferred to an officers' training camp or assigned to further intensive work.

No one acquainted with our colleges can fail to recognize the veritable revolution thus effected in them. Methods of instruction must be sharply revised; some departments, like the classics, will for the time being disappear except for that small group of students not in the S. A. T. C.; the organization and discipline of the institutions will be placed on a wholly new footing. From being centres of liberal culture, the colleges will become to all intents and purposes technical schools, aiming at a single end—the turning out of good material for officers in the United States army. Their action means a revolution in purpose, method, organization, and personnel.

On a single day last week no less than two thousand would-be entrants presented themselves at Columbia. Under such conditions old entrance methods are being "scrapped," and admission committees are trying to judge personality as well as physical fitness and academic proficiency. The standards and methods of judgment thus set up will doubtless have their influence when the present emergency is past; we may, indeed, see quite a new type of college man.

Other interesting permanent results will doubtless follow; for we are undertaking an important educational experiment. For a generation the critics thundered at the colleges, and the colleges went their way; to-day Mars knocks at their door, and in a trice they make themselves into new institutions. Much useless lumber that cluttered our educational garrets will be got rid of for this year at least—may it never return! Only let us not throw out the treasures handed down by our fathers. The advocates of one hundred per cent. efficiency in education will have their way for the time being; we ought to learn from them at least the necessity of reëxamining educational ideals and practices, not alone in the light of tradition and habit and social prestige, but in view of the needs of twentieth-century America. The War Department and the colleges are co-operating intelligently in the temporary task of training efficient officers for our army. Let the colleges study the experiment with care, in order to clarify their aims and improve their methods in the permanent work of educating thoughtful citizens of what has become a world-state. For we must count on these institutions again to light their lamps after this unavoidable temporary eclipse; in their hands is the priceless treasure of the future.

Searchings of Heart

THERE has come before us a remarkable manifesto signed by a number of socially prominent women, protesting against the playing of bridge in war time. "We believe," says the preamble, "that by playing bridge men and women of wealth and leisure give to the exponents of class hatred a weapon to wield against the unity of the United States and its long-cherished institutions." An editorial comment on the manifesto also observes that "to renounce bridge for the duration of the war in a general and spontaneous manner would be a telling reply to those hosts of disorder who endeavor to incite class hatred and to represent the rich and influential as parasites and idlers. This contention, although unsupported by fact, would better still be met by the unhesitating announcement that bridge—the symbol of fashionable levity—be abandoned until Germany has been beaten to her knees."

The English is possibly not above par, but there is no discount on the heroic spirit. Here is abnegation; here is self-surrender! What a pity that a compendious exposition of its philosophy is available only in the hated alien tongue:

> Stirb und werde!
> Denn so lang du das nicht hast,
> Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
> Auf einer dunkeln Erde.

So far have our modern Cornelias progressed beyond poor vapid little Marie Antoinette. "Wake up, Americans," cries one devoted spirit in a frenzy, nay, a paroxysm of renunciation; "patriotic men and women have thrown cards on the scrap-heap together with German music and alcohol."

Can the Socialists, we ask impatiently, stand unmoved in the contemplation of such august, such stupendous sacrifice? Will the I. W. W. never be satisfied? Will not Eugene Debs and Emma Goldman hear the tidings in their seclusion and hang their heads in shame at the memory of their low and revolting agitation against a society capable of purging itself thus relentlessly? How, we ask them, how in the name of all that is reasonable could aristocracy make clearer the transparent purity of its intentions, how could it make a nobler proffer of unconditional common cause with the many-headed, than by such an exhibition as this? With cards, German music, and alcohol gone, what ground of cavil remains open to the depraved instincts of the unwashed and unterrified? Alas, that virtue must be its own reward! Though charity is our specialty, we fear that no due appreciation may be counted on from these degraded beings. They play cards themselves, some of them drink whiskey when they can get it, and in their sinfulness and vulgarity they see no merit in the all-important distinction of nationalism in music, so dear to really refined and discriminating sensibilities. They are interested in other things. We forbear to mention what these other things are, for we resent their collision with the exalted frame of mind set up by the supreme devotion of our ladies' gentle spirits. But we may say generally that they are not in the plane of cards, music, and alcohol, and so the chances are that the conciliatory gesture of the aristocracy will go unheeded. We hope it may prove a true call to the unconverted—it should do so—but we confess that, perhaps by a cynicism bred of experience, an uneasy sense of fictitiousness and improbability envelops our hopefulness in spite of all our efforts to keep it unobscured.

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The Arabian Empire

By J. F. SCHELTEMA

"ARABIA for the Arabs" is the rallying-cry of the Arabian intellectuals who, stirred by increasingly close contact with Western thought and methods of government, are strenuously exerting themselves to compass in a body politic, an Arabian Empire of their own, the realization of the racial ideals for which they stand. It is to be no Arabian Empire like the Umayyad or Abbassid Khalifate, which sprang from religious association, but a political aggregation founded on national aspirations. Except for the inferences to be drawn from our scanty knowledge of Arabian lands in their "time of ignorance," that is, before the advent of Muhammad as the preferred Prophet—from what has reached us, for example, of the activities of the old princely house of Kinda, and of Tadmur (Palmyra) extending its sway over the Arabs of Arabia proper, of Syria, Armenia, Cilicia, and Cappadocia—we are in the dark about such aspirations ever having repressed the strong tribal instincts of the son of the desert. If they existed at all, the spirit of Islâm, exalting religious above national unity, blasted their growth. Islâm, coalescing the Arabs, "impatient," as Gibbon phrases it, "of the mildest and most salutary laws that curbed their passions or violated their customs," wrought the miracle rather by holding out the promise of heavenly reward with quite earthly spoils thrown in than by stimulating patriotic devotion. The rise of Islâm and the Wahhabite reformation, that divide the history of the Arabs into three periods, sometimes called by a wide-fetched analogy its ancient, mediæval and modern ones, were both of an almost purely religious character.

With Islâm gradually lapsing from the offensive into the defensive and an Arabian movement against Turkish rule gaining in strength, the beginning of the period recently entered was marked, therefore, not so much by the revival as by the birth of national longings. These longings culminated, as already stated, in the desire to establish an Arabian Empire, geographically conceived on the lines of the dependency between the Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf that Napoleon had in mind when meditating Eastern conquest and dominion. Muhammad Aly, the Albanian, came near materializing it when serving, too, his personal ends as Sultan Mahmud the Second's ambitious Pasha of Egypt. The desire found expression in a report submitted to the French Government, in 1839, by M. Jouffroy. Pointing to the necessity, for France, of supporting Muhammad Aly, he advocated the formation in the Near East of a buffer state, tributary to Cairo, but really controlled from Paris, as a check to Russian intrigue in Constantinople, even more noxious since the provisions of the Treaty of Unkiar Skelessy had reduced the Porte to dependence on St. Petersburg. Sowing distrust also in England and Austria, M. Jouffroy's proposition helped to precipitate the crisis of 1840. Concerted action resulted in the Convention of Alexandria, which ousted Muhammad Aly from Syria and Arabia, and was followed by the Convention of July 13, 1841, which closed the Bosporus and Dardanelles to the warships of all the Powers, as if to justify a remark once made by Czar Alexander I: Whatever suits international convenience, is right.

The idea of an Arabian Empire was again put to a practical test on a limited scale by the secession of Husayn Ibn Aly, Grand Sherif of Mecca, who, in his proclamation of Sha'bân 25, 1334 (June 27, 1916), renounced his obedience to the Ottoman Khalif and assumed the title of King of the Hejâz as a stepping-stone, *insha'llah*, to a more comprehensive designation and more extensive authority. Without going here into the historical relations of the Grand Sherifate and the Sublime Porte or expatiating on Husayn Ibn Aly's claims to the lesser dignity, we should say that even these are not undisputed. Gen. Allenby's triumph appears to remove any probability of Turkish success in this theatre of war, but if the unexpected should happen and the Turkish troops should still get the upper hand, the Sultan would certainly not delay the removal of his contumacious vassal to replace him by another member of the Qatada family, which has managed to maintain its tenure of the Grand Sherifate for six hundred years. There is, for instance, the Sherif Haydar, held in reserve at Constantinople, who belongs to the Abd'al-Muttalib as Husayn does to the Aun ar-Rafiq branch. However this may be, rebelling against the Ottoman Khalif, Sayyidana, "our Lord," as the Meccans call their Grand Sherif, can count on the feeling of the orthodox Arabs in general, which insists upon the supreme chief of Islâm being of the Quraysh clan, a condition not fulfilled by the interlopers of the house of Othman; and on feelings of a more worldly nature as far as regards the Arabs of the Holy Cities in particular, who forget, if ever they could grasp such a broad view of the subject, that to-day's occurrences did not originate in the revolutionary leanings of a single group of men, but are the inevitable outcome of centuries of evolution in religious and political thought.

The Old Turks, with all their faults in Arab eyes, were at least true believers of the orthodox persuasion; the Young Turks, suspected of proclivities to rank unbelief and immediately responsible for the joining of Turkey in the great war, are causing financial loss to the inhabitants of Mecca and Medina, not to mention those of the ports of Jeddah and Yambu, by a diminished flow of pilgrims, owing to the increasing dangers and incommodities of travel. Young Turkish theories, as blossoming out in the resolutions and actions of the Committee of Union and Progress, alienated the Arabs also in other respects. Though the cleverest of the Young Turks had devised a scheme of decentralization, advising home rule for the heterogeneous parts of the Ottoman Empire in so far as compatible with their political unity, the Committee decided, on the contrary, for more centralization, hoping to weld the loosely knit provinces into a homogeneous whole by uniformity of laws and speech, trying in Syria and Arabia, as in Albania and elsewhere, to substitute Turkish for the native idiom. This insult, offered to the language of the Book, the tongue of God's revelation, could not be tolerated. It added fuel to the unrest fomented by the partisans of the Arabian National party, whose centra of propaganda were Egypt and Syria. Still under the Turkish yoke in the latter country, they illustrated, in their persistent demands for amelioration of their condition, the truth that strategic railways, incidentally facilitating the introduction of modern improvements, increase the eager impatience for emancipa-

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tion as well as the soldiers to suppress the disturbances which that desire creates.*

From the aspirations of the Arabian National party to the League of the Arabian Fatherland was only one step. That body wished to separate state and religion in the interest of the Arabs and Islâm both; to found an Arabian Empire which, stretching from the Tigris and Euphrates to the Isthmus of Suez, was to embrace a region that from time immemorial has excited the cupidity of Eastern and Western conquerors who strove to subjugate the world, and still remains a bone of contention between thrones and dominions toiling for snug places in the sun. In 1905 the League of the Arabian Fatherland issued a declaration of its aims and intentions, which was forwarded in French to the Great Powers and distributed in Arabic among the peoples of Arabian stock. The League's audacity, profoundly alarming to the Porte, disturbed also the European Governments restlessly engaged in their competitive pacific penetration of the territories named in its programme. That programme, instead of restricting, was rather inclined to extend the boundaries of the Arabian Empire woven in the brilliant texture of Napoleon's Oriental dreams.

Everything that happens in the East, said Sultan Abd'al-Hamid II on a certain occasion, touches the perpetual duel between Great Britain and Russia. Since this observation was made by that keenly watchful critic, the duel, especially in its Near and Middle Asiatic aspect, and if we leave French, Italian, and Austrian claims alone, has first become a triangular conflict on account of the Germans building their Bagdad Railroad, and thereupon merged its bitterness into the animosities of the present universal conflagration. The blows struck in the Asiatic theatre of the war to smash the remnant of Ottoman suzerainty that survived Muhammad Aly's vigorous efforts to reap the fruit of his conquests in an Arabian Empire subservient to his will, indicate clearly enough the significance for the East of the present titanic struggle. With respect to the Grand Turk, the bondman of Germany, not the champion of Islâm, as the Powers of the Entente duly impressed upon their Moslim subjects,† it means simply an accelerated process of expulsion under the motto deduced by Milman from Lord Palmerston's definition of dirt which, being matter in the wrong place, requires to be removed. Among the international problems that determined the virulent form assumed by the war's proximate causes when the assassination of the heir of the Austro-Hungarian throne had set the ball rolling, the eternal Eastern Question occupied the front rank. Accordingly, the contest shapes its course and will pass through its diplomatic sequel towards an arrangement on the basis of advantages obtained on battlefields thousands of miles apart, which, we fervently hope, will conduce to the final winding up of that *damnosa hæreditas*.

The situation created by the war, meanwhile, fanned into a blazing flame the always smouldering antipathy between the Arabs and the Turks, and encouraged the Arabs of the new dispensation in their military as in their political endeavor, both of which led to their further defection. The Arabs of the old dispensation, loyal even yet to the Ottoman Khalif, among the cream of his soldiery,* became equally dissatisfied, nay, thoroughly disgusted, with the German supreme command imposed upon them by the Young Turks, whom they consider no better than atheists, renegade tools of the infidel War Lord at Berlin, alias "Hâj Guillûn." There are, moreover, indications that the necessity of coöperation has a soothing effect on the hereditary feuds between families and clans, and so introduces a principle of stability into Arabian affairs, the first thing needed for the organization of an Arabian Empire that will stand. The most turbulent element is already dying out. The Bedawy of the Arabian deserts, the unruly wandering tribes everywhere, are giving way to the influences of Western encroachment upon their territory. Their predicament is the pre-ordained one for backward indigenes, who have to catch up with the advance of humanity or disappear. They cannot stop or retard an Arabian revival which refuses to be laughed at. Other peoples have been reanimated to former glory—why not the Arab? There was something prophetic in the notice with which George Eliot made Daniel Deronda serve the Club of the Philosophers at the Hand and Banner: "We may live to see a great outburst of force in the Arabs, who are being inspired with a new zeal." The reclamation of large stretches of irrigable land will call into existence agricultural communities with a settled, law-abiding population, where now the clannish nomads roam with their interminable quarrels, their thirst for retaliation and blood-revenge. Material progress will aid the ripening and fruition of the national idea.

In this connection, Britain, when asserting her rights to the protectorate over the Arabian Empire *in spe* at the congress of readjustment after the war, can throw into the balance her initiative in a labor of peace that, opening up the boundless resources of Mesopotamia, will benefit Europe and Asia alike. The carrying out of Sir William Willcocks's plan for the irrigation of the Tigris-Euphrates delta, an English improvement on the French scheme proposed in 1880 by Aristide Dumont, will, according to the latter's alluring picture, reconvert Mesopotamia into a well-watered garden, an Asiatic Lombardy as thickly populated as the Italian one, but healthier and much wealthier. With Mesopotamia as part of an Arabian Empire under British protection,† an empire that reaches out from the Mediterranean into Persia, since on ethnical grounds it must include Chuzistan (the classical Susiana), Britain will control the main avenue between East and West, and so ward off the mailed fist thrust at the heart of Asia, the menace of an essentially German railway to the Persian Gulf. And as regards the forestalling of a British overland route to India by means of an alternative German highway to the Far East through Persia and Afghanistan via the districts torn from Russia in Europe and Asia by the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, the mutual friendship there pledged is a

*The leaders of the Arabian movement disclaimed at first any hostility to the Sultan of Turkey as Khalif. See *Le Temps* of March 28, 1913, where M. André Duboscq repeated a statement made to him by Sayyid Aly Yûsuf, who then directed the editorial policy of the Cairene newspaper *al-Muwayad*: "The Arabian movement . . . is not at all antagonistic to the Khalifate of the Sultan." It should be added, however, that this assertion was considerably hedged by an imposing list of immediately appended exceptions.

†The Powers of the Entente have not been slow in notifying the Muhammadans under their rule that their falling out with the Padishah did not mean any hostility to Islâm. Immediately after declaring war on Turkey, the British Government issued a notice promulgating that the sacred sites of Islâm, including those of the Shi'ites, "will be immune from attack and molestation by the British naval and military forces as long as there is no interference with pilgrims from India to the Holy Places and Shrines in question." France and Russia did not lag behind in reverential assurances regarding the Moslim's bowers of pure felicity.

*It is said that more than one-third of the officers in the Turkish army are or were Arabs, many of whom distinguished themselves on the several staffs or in important commands.

†Not to mention the Sultan of Lahaj and other princelings whose domains are gradually absorbed by the expanding Protectorate of Aden, the Sheikhs of Kuweyt and the Bahrayn Islands, and the Imâm of Maskat, leading chief in the Province of Oman, have already placed their interests under British protection.

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flower of poor vitality, and forces are being set in motion that in any contingency will annul its boasted effect on a triumphant outcome of crafty ventures of the kind.

An Arabian Empire, bound up in a federation under Western guidance to constitute a highly developed modern state as imagined by Mahan,* firmly planted in what is now Asiatic Turkey, "with an efficiently organized army and navy, coasting the Black Sea, the Persian Gulf, and the Levant," would be of potent assistance in frustrating the masterful *Drang nach Osten* for all time to come, by directing in the Near and Middle East more universally beneficent "issues from vast territories to the outer world." This, however, is music of the future. Biding their hour while persevering in their efforts for consolidation on the basis of nationality, the Mazzinis and potential Cavours of the Arabian Fatherland may ponder the wisdom of their proverb: God is with the patient if they know how to practice patience.

The Fourth Part of Poland

By IRWIN EDMAN

THE Polish question has a special, and a double, significance for us in America. In the first place, the freedom of Poland has become, since its official espousal by the President, one of the specific issues for which we are fighting. It is, next to Belgium, the most poignant provocation to our insistence on self-determination for all nations. In the second place, the Polish question is made distinctively American in its import by the presence among us of four million Poles, a population as large as that of either Austrian or German Poland. This fact gives at least a numerical justification to those imperial-minded Poles who regard the immigrants here as "the fourth part of Poland." Most of the four million are engaged in essential war industries—in coal mining, in iron production, in shipbuilding. The character of the Polish organizations in this country, their methods and objects, demand, therefore, careful American scrutiny, for whatever affects the morale of four million war-aiding civilians—and the Poles have been extraordinarily generous contributors to our armies, industries, and Liberty Loans—ceases to be a separate internal affair. There is, furthermore, the permanent question as to how far the organization of immigrant groups into separate nationalist bodies facilitates their free and full participation in American social and political life.

All these points are well illustrated in the recent Polish Convention at Detroit, where the affairs of our Polish immigrants were given certain decisive, though dubious, settlements. One of the primary objects of the convention was to determine how the Poles in this country could contribute to the efforts making for a free and independent Poland. More particularly, the convention went on record as to the relationship between the Polish immigrants in America and the Paris National Committee, which is the official representative to the Allies of Polish international interests. Before the assembly adjourned a resolution had been passed recognizing the Paris Committee as controlling in Polish affairs in this country and abroad, thereby definitely committing four million of our inhabitants to domination by a foreign group on foreign soil. It is hard to imagine a more direct attempt to isolate an immigrant population, a more successful method of so doing, or a more flagrant instance of autocratic foreign interference with the affairs of a large domestic population.

The control of Polish affairs in this country by the Paris National Committee is not novel in fact, though it was first made explicit at the convention. Since 1915 Mr. Paderewski has been ostensibly the accredited national figure of the Poles here. It is interesting to note that Mr. Paderewski's official position is that of plenipotentiary of the Paris Committee in this country; at the same time Mr. Paderewski has been *ex officio* head of all the major activities of the Poles—of Polish victims' relief, of Polish propaganda, and of agitation for the Polish army.

For the past two years there has been severe criticism among liberal Poles because of the control of Polish affairs by the conservative group of which Mr. Paderewski is the shining figurehead. It has been felt in the first place that he represented an organization whose reactionary character injured the Polish cause and augured ill for the quality of freedom which Poland was to possess after the war. The Paris Committee, headed by Mr. Roman Dmowski, has not a single radical or liberal member, while Mr. Dmowski himself has an unpopular record for his pronounced anti-Semitism and his former connections with the discredited Russian autocracy. He was connected with the anti-Jewish boycott in Poland. He has, moreover, made an unenviable reputation for himself as a reactionary and an imperialist. In fact, he likes to denominate the National Democratic party which he represents the "pan-Polish party," and in a personal interview he recently expressed an emphatic desire for a large powerful Poland, including Lithuania (a proposal to which he admitted the Lithuanians did not completely assent, because they did not know where their own interests lay). He said he was not sure whether Poland ought to be a republic, if a monarchy were stronger. Power was Poland's first essential. Mr. Dmowski's visit to America to address what his allies have called the fourth part of Poland, namely, the American Polish immigrants, appears to be an incident in the Paris Committee's pan-Polish enterprise.

Apart from the character of the Committee itself, liberals will find much to disturb them in this definite and undisguised intrusion of a foreign and, from authentic reports, largely self-constituted foreign organization into the affairs of the Poles here. It is the principle of self-determination reversed in our midst. A consideration of the personnel of the reactionary Paris Committee, and Mr. Dmowski's frank admission that it had been found impossible or inexpedient to secure progressive members for it, indicate how serious an impeachment of the democratic principle were the presence, personality, and influence of Mr. Dmowski at Detroit.

Internal affairs among the Polish immigrants, as reflected at the convention, are equally perturbing to the American interested in morale and unity in war time, and in democratic control at all times. The persistent discrediting of all radical groups and persons has gone hand in hand with machine methods for the selection of delegates, thus securely inoculating the convention against all possible liberalizing influences. The dominating presence of the clergy—there were over three hundred in a convention numbering not over a thousand—all firm allies of Mr. Dmowski, gave an unfortunate alien tang to the discussions of Ameri-

*Quoted by Evans Lewin in his able volume, "The German Road to the East."

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canization which occupied a large part of the meetings. The clergy, in their defence of parochial schools, denounced all forms of Americanization, and various delegates at the convention branded programmes of assimilation and adjustment to American life as forms of Prussianism. One prominent speaker said that the Poles had nothing to learn from America. Mr. Paderewski, in his opening speech, said, with reference to Americanization, that the Poles had had ideals of individual liberty in 1180. The definite stand taken against Americanization at the convention was the climax of an attitude taken in 1914, when, in an official bulletin of the national organization, American education was denounced as bringing about the "loss of the fourth part of Poland," and "finally total Americanization."

The growing dissatisfaction with the financial management of Polish affairs in America seems to have had a partial though not a public solution at the convention. There had been murmurings in the past year, even from among those definitely affiliated with the conservative faction, of duplication of offices, of extravagance, of failure clearly to demarcate expenditures, and of diversion of funds to political propaganda. At the convention, so far as it was possible to discover from the extremely reticent authorities, it was planned to centralize the funds in the hands of the Chicago group. It was hoped that this would eliminate much of the dissatisfaction current before the convention, especially among the clergy, who had refused to turn over funds collected in May until some settlement and reorganization had been made. How serviceable would be a centralization of funds in the hands of the Chicago political group, much criticised even among the conservatives, it is difficult to tell.

Most significant of all, perhaps, is the marked absence of publicity that attended these decisions vitally affecting the morale of four million inhabitants of America. Only two papers outside of Detroit, the *Evening Post* and the *Christian Science Monitor*, carried any reports of the convention. The news in the Detroit papers consisted mostly of personal gossip and the doings, the sayings, and the sacrifices of Mr. Paderewski. Meanwhile the control of Polish affairs was being definitely centred at Paris. The power of the conservative clique, moreover, was being securely fastened. In order to take no chances that the Poles might disown their leaders, the credentials of the present delegates were made unconditionally good for four years. The important problems of the convention were, by rule, settled in committee meetings by committees preappointed, and, likewise by rule, no discussion was allowed of the reports—certainly a most unsatisfactory procedure.

Adequate publicity for Polish activities would prevent the small conservative clique from silently and surely achieving its designs. It has been repeated over and over again by the excluded radicals that the official press bureau dedicates itself to the glorification of the persons in power rather than to a considered and competent presentation of Polish national questions to the American public. Certainly it is important for America to be informed as to the specific accomplishments of a convention supposedly met to deal with the internal problems and international concerns of four million American inhabitants. But this convention of the "fourth part of Poland" seemed to move in a deliberate atmosphere of twilight diplomacy, under the domination of an Old World diplomat and his courtly representative in the New World.

Assurance

By CHARLES R. MURPHY

WE have seen the lonely outpost of the pine,
The gnarled, beaten, insane tree,
Standing where the forest dare not venture;
And we have thought
That the most lonely are not those who are alone,
But the multitude that comes not to their redemption.
So, in the great companionship of grief,
We have learned
That there shall be no more loneliness;
That there shall be no hiding anywhere from the mind of man
And the broad horizon of his love;
That some day every desperate Lear shall have—
And every mild Ophelia shall have—
The unafraid incarnate, their redeemer,
Who—like a child accepting
Storm or torn flower in the stream—
Receives God in the patient dawn.

Oriental Portraits

II. Terauchi, Ex-Premier of Japan

THE inscrutability of the Oriental face is a favorite theme with the Occidental writer. On the other hand, the old-style Japanese deems us untamed savages because we freely show our emotions in our countenances. In Japan it is held to be the mark of politeness and of high breeding that the face, in public deportment, should bear the similitude of a wooden idol. The loftier the office or rank, the closer should be the resemblance. Sculpture and the mien of the living have mutually influenced each other. It is said that when Iwakura, the first real envoy from the Mikado, visited America, it was only in viewing Niagara that he relaxed his facial muscles. In joyful awe before the cataract, he forgot even himself.

The face of Field-Marshal Terauchi, who, after two years' service, has just resigned his post as Premier of Japan, upsets many old notions, just as his personality during civic office has surprised his critics. On assuming the Premiership, in 1916, he thoroughly disgusted his enemies, who had stored up ammunition which his person and policy made useless. Where they expected a Bismarckian sword-rattler in uniform, they found a polite statesman in civic dress. A smile sits oftener on his countenance than rigid calm. The alien meeting him socially—though, for a reason, the distinguished soldier offers his left hand—is at once put at his ease. He is a most gracious host and the soul of an evening company.

Born February 26, 1852, in Choshiu—more famous for its statesmen than for its soldiers—he was the second son of his rather humble father, a samurai, Shobei Udata. The boy grew up amid the excitements following the Townsend Harris treaty, which widened the breach between Throne and Camp, Mikado and Shogun. According to general custom when there are no sons, in a country in which the family must be an eternal unit, young Seiki was adopted and ultimately became head of the family of Kane-

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mon Terauchi. The name means Temple Interior, and the Terauchi line is not illustrious in Japan's history. In other words, this ambitious youth is a living illustration of the essential democracy of Japan. It is quite possible for the poorest boy in the land to become Premier. Almost of necessity, in the hotbed of hatred to the Shogun and loyalty to the Mikado, Terauchi has been a man of war from his youth up. The formation of the national army in 1871 opened for him the gates of opportunity, yet with activities more in the office than in the field. At nineteen he was a sub-lieutenant.

In 1877 Saigo, in protest against an army recruited from the peasantry, and in scorn of the rising democracy, and in hopes, too, of bringing back the old order of things, rose with his two-sworded followers. The Imperial soldiers were hardly as yet tempered to their new discipline nor were the officers at home in modern tactics. So the old swordsmen had to be called on for help. Saigo held Kiushiu, the Island of the Nine Provinces. The key to the situation and the gateway to the north was the Tawara Pass, twelve miles north of Kumamoto. Hence its soldier's name, the Hara-kiri Pass; if an enemy should succeed in overcoming the great natural obstacles of the pass, there was nothing for the defenders to do but honorably to open their bowels. The rebels had fortified the place with five earthworks armed with field pieces. The real battle was a hand-to-hand one between swordsmen, the regulars covering with their fire the charging men of the blade. A bullet struck young Terauchi in the right arm, and ever since he has had no active use of that limb. Hence the manner of his manual greeting. He won his captaincy and was sent to France. From 1882 to 1885, he was military attaché to the Japanese Embassy in Paris. Here he learned French manners, even to the shrug, grimace, and lively expression of countenance, and he still speaks French fluently. Indeed, old Parisians notice that even yet he flavors his champagne with a drop of claret, giving it a ruby gleam as "when time and youth clinked glasses" in the Latin Quarter.

Of intense application and powerful executive ability, he has filled many military offices, pedagogic and inspectoral. He was supervisor of the transport service in the war with China. He visited North China during the Boxer uproar. In the Russo-Japanese conflict, he was War Minister in the Katsura Cabinet and served eight years in this office. He was then ordered to follow the martyr Ito, in Korea. This required nerve as well as vigor, for many a Korean lad then dreamed of recovering the nation's sovereignty with the aid of the assassin's lead or steel.

For five years he was the peaceful architect of the peninsula's fortunes. He changed the face of the country with good roads and covered the bare, rain-washed mountains with twenty million trees, thus insuring the fertility of the valleys. He increased the production of rice by thirty per cent. He made life physically worth living; he introduced orderly methods of justice; and he even won over the missionaries to some measure of coöperation.

When, after the fall of the Okuma Cabinet, in October, 1916, the Emperor called Terauchi, the Premier's initial task was to face the bitterly hostile party of the Kensekai, which was made up of several parties and groups, all admirers of Okuma. These men looked on Terauchi as the typical head of a military bureaucracy, of the Choshiu monopoly. To save the situation the Emperor intervened and dissolved the Diet. Terauchi won at the election. It was determined by the country to give the new Premier a chance. There was thus time enough for him to shape his policy. Every day since has shown that his statesmanship follows the pattern of his constructive work in Korea. He would link progress to moderation, and, above all, cultivate honorable friendship with the Allies, and especially the English-speaking nations. He is the champion of imperial democracy—that is, of enlarging popular privileges through influences emanating from the Throne. He enjoys richly the good things of life and has a large and happy family. Of his friendship for America there is no shadow of doubt.

EOTHEN

Foreign Correspondence

The British Fiscal Controversy

London, August 31

IT must strike any reader of certain London journals as a singular thing that, in spite of the scarcity of paper and the reduction of most news to a minimum space, their editors can find room for full, almost verbatim, reports of the speeches of the Australian Prime Minister. Mr. Hughes's oratorical tour of the United Kingdom is receiving almost as big advertisement in a section of the metropolitan press as did Mr. Chamberlain's "raging and tearing propaganda" in 1903. One can scarcely believe that this attention is being given to Mr. Hughes purely out of compliment to the colonies, or even in recognition of his personal eminence. Nor does the alleged purpose of his tour explain the phenomenon. Ostensibly the object of his mission is to emphasize the necessity of "organization," but it is difficult to suppose that this journalistic Hughes boom is inspired by a sudden passion for system as the great desideratum in British business life.

Mr. Hughes remarks incidentally that organization, of the kind and on the scale that he asks for, will involve a tariff. Herein we may perhaps find the clue to this mysterious enthusiasm. "I have been," he confesses, "among the most stalwart, most devoted, and most fanatical of the priests of the temple of Free Trade," but the war has come and opened his eyes to the light. Those who still lie in the darkness of his own former fiscal creed he now denounces as pacifists and pro-Germans. And the conclusion of speech after speech is an insistent demand that the British Government shall affirm a clear and definite economic policy, and shall commission "some man" to give effect to it. It would be interesting to speculate on the identity of the ideal Economic Controller Mr. Hughes has in mind, but, after all, that is only a side issue. What concerns us is the policy he demands. And the significant thing is that the Hughes campaign is being journalistically exploited by the people who are anxious to get Mr. Lloyd George to toe the "tariff-reform" line before the next general election, the probable date of which is now generally admitted to be January, at the very latest. The Prime Minister has not yet created an electoral "machine" of his own, and, if he is to obtain the sweeping majority he desires, he will have to depend largely upon Unionist support. This support will be offered him at a price—the price of definitely committing himself to protection. Otherwise the Unionist forces that to-day control the Cabinet may discover that no one politician is indispensable to the efficient

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prosecution of the war. The question of an economic war after the military war can then easily be made a principal issue of the election. The Liberal party, to judge from the recent record of its Parliamentary leaders, is no longer bigoted in its attachment to free trade, and Labor is to be bought over by the promise of higher wages and better industrial conditions.

It certainly seems a propitious moment for launching such a programme. The war has naturally given a great stimulus to patriotic feeling, one phase of which is an ardent conviction of the great capabilities of the nation, and a desire that it shall more fully realize its power to stand alone. Many people have learned for the first time, during the war, to what extent England depended upon other countries, both for its food and for various manufactured products that had become necessities of daily life. The use of German-made dyes was a typical instance. There has also been the discovery of German "peaceful penetration" at home. "It is literally true to say," declares Mr. Hughes, "that we found the edifice of our industrial and commercial greatness honeycombed by German influence, German control, and German money." All this has prepared the ground for an agitation for the trade boycott of Germany after the war—which assumes, of course, that the present war will be ended by an "inconclusive peace" and that the League of Nations will not come into being—and also for a movement in favor of such "organization" as will enable Great Britain to produce within her own borders everything she requires for her own use. If this last ideal is unattainable—as it must needs be until some one finds out how to grow cotton and oranges in the British climate—it may be modified to the extent of drawing supplies of tropical products from overseas British possessions.

The advocacy of protection always relies more upon sentiment than upon reason, and the present state of the public mind naturally provides it with an opportunity. "The people of Britain now," to quote again from Mr. Hughes, "are like a patient in a fever," and this morbid condition does not predispose to cool judgment. Several public men, who were free traders when free trade was the orthodox doctrine, have been stampeded into protection, now that belief in the open door carries with it a suspicion of pro-Germanism. The tariff reformers have already won some notable successes—the Paris resolutions, the report of the Balfour of Burleigh Committee, the decision of the Imperial War Conference in favor of imperial preference, and the withdrawal from the Sugar Convention. Further, duties have actually been imposed upon a number of articles that entered free before the war. It is true that they were not put on to protect home manufactures, but to discourage the use of shipping for non-essential cargoes. Still the camel has got his nose into the tent all the same. Yet another advance will be made if the luxury-tax proposals become law next session, for if a tax is levied upon the sale, within the country, of the commodities mentioned in the schedules, a countervailing duty will certainly be placed upon similar articles brought in from abroad.

In spite of this discouraging outlook, there remain some free traders who hold to their old economic creed, not only tenaciously, but cheerfully. They are not disturbed because some who once held it "fanatically" have now discarded it. It is no "shibboleth," as the hot perverts do vainly talk, but it is rooted in fundamental laws whose validity is unaffected even by a world-wide military conflict. "After all," as Earl Beauchamp reminded us the other day, "two and two will still make four after the war." These stubborn free traders even argue that the experience of the war confirms, instead of disproving, their main contentions. Like Brougham Villiers, in his "Britain After the Peace," they point out that, under the test of war, the protectionist finance of the Continent simply fell to pieces, and that under the stress of war conditions tariffs had to be suspended everywhere. They call the attention of Mr. Hughes to the fact that protection has not saved his own Australia from the very "penetration" which so rouses his ire. In his Mansion House denunciation of the German metal organization which he described as symbolizing the whole power of the enemy, he told how this company had pushed one of its tentacles across the ocean to Australia. "Bit by bit," he said, "they beslabbered and entangled the great metal industries of Australia in a grip until they had them, body and soul, and so it was that when the war broke out there was this great metal industry, the Beer Sondheimer in one shape or another, the Metallgesellschaft, and the Metallurgische Gesellschaft, the whole controlling the channels from which the metal came, determining how it should be produced, and what prices it should be sold at all over the world." That is Mr. Hughes's own picture of what has happened in protected Australia. And quite lately there has come the report of Lord Wrenbury's committee to compensate for the discouraging recommendations of Lord Balfour of Burleigh's. Lord Wrenbury's committee, holding that "the maintenance of London as the financial centre of the world is of the first importance for the well-being of the empire," pronounces emphatically against any legislation that would impede or restrict the free flow of foreign capital into this country. But, as the *Manchester Guardian* remarks, foreign capital means, not gold, but goods, and no foreigner will be anxious to put his capital at the disposal of a country which is attempting to isolate itself economically from the world outside. And, amid all the hubbub of vehement protectionist propaganda on the platform and in the press, these free traders are possessing their souls in patience, because they foresee that, as soon as the war is over, all tariff schemes must break down hopelessly in face of the condition in which the country will then find itself. There will be such a scarcity of necessary commodities that we shall be only too glad to get whatever we can—food, raw materials, or manufactured articles—from any available source. Even the most enthusiastic protectionist must admit that there is much force in this contention.

At this point Sidney Webb takes up the argument. "Yes," he says, "your prediction is perfectly sound. We shall want everything we can get. But every other country will be in the same case. It will be a world shortage, not a local one. Therefore, neither free trade nor protective tariffs will be possible. It will be necessary to set up an international commission to regulate the whole export trade of the world and the use of such mercantile shipping as may have survived the war. The world's products, especially of foodstuffs and raw materials, will need, as in a beleaguered city, to be allocated and conveyed to the nations that require them, in proportion, not to their means, but to the magnitude and urgency of their primary necessities." Thus, after all the controversy, the actual prospect is of neither open nor closed doors, but of a world on rations.

HERBERT W. HORWILL

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In the Driftway

THAT Arthur Brisbane has been found out again is no surprise. I am only wondering if the completeness of his exposure as a brewer's agent will finally open the eyes of journalists to him. So far this ready tool of the unspeakable Hearst has carried off the prostitution of his talents by a certain amount of personality, a plausible, easy style, and the glamour of the largest salary every paid to an editor. Newspaper editors are quite as charitable to their own as men in other professions; but their tolerance of Hearst and Brisbane is entirely to their discredit. They have bowed down before the god of success and of large circulations and basely sought to achieve fortunes by similar means. Now it is to be hoped they will draw the line. Hard upon the recent sale of several properties to very rich men, and the apparent German control of the New York *Mail,* comes this proving that the Washington *Times* is secretly financed by one form of big business which was so considerate to Brisbane as to ask no interest on the $375,000 advanced—no wonder his first editorial was devoted to the praise of beer and light wines! But where does all this leave the reputation of our daily press?

* * * * *

"We have entered upon a social era in which the aristocracy of the future will be men who have done something for humanity and their nations. There will be no rich and no poor." If Charles M. Schwab, who uttered this sentiment at the Salmagundi Club dinner last week, does not look out, he will be more than ever denounced as a traitor to his class. Has he not read the extraordinary page advertisements against Socialism appearing in the New York *Commercial?* According to these veracious announcements, all anarchists are part of the Socialist party, and every Socialist is a believer in polygamy, and, therefore, we presume, a Mormon at heart. More than that, as the Socialist purpose is, according to this anonymous advertiser, "Divide all wealth, and place all human beings on the same social, political, and moral level," Mr. Schwab is plainly aiding and abetting these imps of darkness in speaking of there being "no rich and no poor" some day. It will only be a short while before the New York *Times* describes him as one of our American Bolsheviki.

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Not since James Gordon Bennett's famous editorial in his *Evening Telegram,* in which he announced that that publication was a fake and a fraud upon the public, and that it would no longer be continued, has any editorial created the excitement in New York journalism occasioned by the *Times's* advocacy of an acceptance of the Austrian invitation for a secret peace conference. No less than four thousand letters of protest are said to have been received by the *Times.* Hundreds of subscriptions have been cancelled, and various newsdealers are reporting a marked falling off in sales. In addition, the *Times* has been violently assailed by its esteemed contemporaries, the *Tribune,* the *Globe,* and the *World,* as a defeatist and a traitor. Not one letter favoring its attitude is said to have been received by the *Times.* Only those who have advocated a reasoned peace by negotiation are enjoying the situation; they are laughing unrestrainedly at the plight of the poor old Tory *Times,* denounced as if it were a pacifist and held up to scorn by such an organization as the American Defence Society. It would really be extremely humorous if it were not another dangerous sign of the intolerance prevailing to-day.

* * * * *

Street speaking in New York has miserably gone off in tone and quality under the inquisition of the self-styled patriotic societies. Aside from its constitutional sanction, the great argument for free speech is its reaction on the speaker. When the soap-boxers have to defy the police or the loose-footed janizaries of some irresponsible and meddling "defence" association, they become truculent, provoking, uncompromising. When there is no one to defy, they become reasonable, conciliatory, self-respecting. They are human beings, and this is human nature. Mayor Gaynor, perhaps the most philosophical of executives since Mr. Jefferson, gave them full head. "I have particularly made the police authorities understand," he said to the Board of Aldermen, "that those who entertain views of government or of economic or social order different from ours are not to be interfered with or denied the right of freedom of speech and of assembly on that account." Throughout his Administration, therefore, we had street speaking that no one was ashamed of. But now every corner auditory bears witness that can be mistaken only by the indurated Puritan or Prussian mind that an incessant mouseling and snooping after sedition breeds sedition a thousand-fold in spirits which simple freedom would disarm and prepossess. When Frederick the Great was riding about Berlin, he saw a group of people by a wall, craning their necks at a paper hung high out of reach. Asking what it was, and being told it was an outrageous lampoon on himself, he rode over, read it through with care, and said briefly, "Hang it lower."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

"The Nation" and the Post Office

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have been a subscriber of the *Nation* for about thirty-five years, during which time I do not think that I have missed reading a single number, until the one of last week, which has not been received. During all that time the *Nation* has been a very potent factor in the formation of my political, economic, and literary opinions. I have always, from Godkin's time till now, thought it one of the great forces for good in the social, political, and literary affairs of my country. Very strong evidence would be necessary to convince me that it had gone wrong now.

I fear that in our zeal for war we may forget that law, not arbitrary will, is the basis of our Government. W. S. F.

Kansas City, Mo., September 17

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I regret greatly the mishap that occurred to you on account of a recent issue of the *Nation,* and I feel sure that there is some great mistake in the matter. As a constant reader of the paper, I am sure that there could be nothing offensive in its columns. So far as I can see, your sentiments as to the war have been unexceptionable. I know that I have agreed with them and have used them as propaganda. I cannot understand the step the Government has taken in the matter, and I trust the wrong will soon be remedied. W. H. T.

Uniontown, Ala., September 19

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I don't know what you've written or said, or what he said or she said or they said. But, like many another mere reader, I have more faith in your integrity than in the discrimination of Post Office or other officials. And because sometimes it is helpful to know that little, out-of-the-way people in far-off places put trust in one, I take the liberty to write to you.

D. S.

Michigamme, Mich., September 18

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I was surprised to see in Saturday's *Times* that the *Nation* had been held up. I have read it, but fail to find anything disloyal or revolutionary in it.

I consider myself one hundred per cent. loyal; I am trying to obey rules for food and fuel to the letter, I am willing and glad to have the Government supervise these things, but I desire to read what I choose. The autocracy and militarism of Germany should be put down, but not by having the same things set up here.

E. G. S.

Albany, September 19

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Your radicalism at times suggests Bolshevism, but I will give you credit of not suspecting you of disloyalty until I saw a telegram saying your recent issue had been held up by the Government. I am of the opinion that it would be a benefit for America if your publication was suspended indefinitely; for you are the most dangerous because you are probably the ablest journal (in an intellectual and literary way) published in this country.

R. P.

San Francisco, September 16

Economics of the Packing Industry

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is high time that some one wrote sanely and clearly on the trials and tribulations of the packing industry. It has for a generation submitted to the political whim and reportorial caprice of the legislator and sociologist without protest. It has met all critics with a bland smile, and accepted more and more inspection and restriction with the meekness of an imperturbable pacifist. Until recently it has had no fight in it. Now it is stirred to action. Out of long economic slumber it wakes to find that it is not what its critics made it believe it was. The industry rubs its eyes and sees that it is not a wicked monopoly. It dawns on its waking intelligence that it does not subsist on unseemly privilege.

The packers "are strictly middlemen, purchasing raw material and converting it into finished products" (*Nation*, August 17). They are neither land-owners nor farmers. That is plain—quite plain—now that you have let the truth out of the bag in your recent editorial comment. You must have reasoned this thing out. Did you get at the economic fact by tracing the descent of a tin of meat or a cake of soap? How were you able to do what neither packer nor commissioner has succeeded in doing? Of course, a tin of meat or a cake of soap is a long way removed from its source. From land to farmer, to cattle, to railways, to yards, to packing plant, and so on—this is reasoning through labyrinths from monopoly (natural resources) away down to the product of the manufacturer. Privilege may be met by the packer on the way, but to what extent it assists him to reach the market and to extort non-competitive prices from the consumer is a puzzle not yet solved. Indeed, the latest Government report is singularly free from enlightenment on this matter.

One particular point that you raise deserves special attention at this time. You say: "Some [large interests] get their afflictive advantages from a natural resource monopoly, some from franchises, some from tariffs. They enjoy a delegated free use, within fixed limits, of the Government's taxing power. This is not the case with the packers." Here you hit the nail straight on the head. It is, indeed, all a question of the Government's taxing power. If the Government delegates its taxing power to large interests and prefers to let the large interests do for themselves what the Government should do for the people, then the "inveterate popular confusion between privilege and property" will increase apace. Surely the time was never so ripe for clear thinking and sound notions of economics and taxation.

SHAREHOLDER

Chicago, August 19

Ricardo's Capital Levy

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: After all, the "capital levy" is not a wicked invention of the Bolshevik or a wild rambling of a soap-box orator. On the contrary, it is the child of the most classic of the classical economists of England, David Ricardo, the hard-headed business man who made a fortune before he was thirty years of age and who died just past fifty the acknowledged financial authority of all Great Britain. Ricardo lived through the entire period of the Napoleonic wars, a period not unlike the present; during part of that time he was a member of Parliament.

Ricardo's "Essay on the Funding System," written in 1820, represents the full maturity of his judgment. It will gladden the heart of the British Labor party and the French Collectivists to know that their proposal of a "capital levy" is urged in the "Essay." In a comment on the "Essay" the prudent Professor McCulloch, then a pensioner of the Government, says of Ricardo: "He was a decided friend to the plan for raising the supplies for a war within the year, by an equivalent increase in taxation; and he also thought (in which opinion few probably will be disposed to concur) that it would be not only expedient, but practicable, to pay off the public debt by an assessment on capital."

The "Essay" anticipates objections to the plan of an "assessment on capital," or, as it is now called, a "capital levy." These objections are precisely the same as now urged by those who have profited by the war, as well as by the holders of privileged wealth like the English landed aristocracy. Ricardo considers alternative plans, plans employed then as now, and concludes that the war debt should be paid by "a tax on property, once for all."

Incidentally Ricardo thought his plan for a "tax within the year," instead of bond issues, would be an anti-militarist measure. He said: "There cannot be a greater security for the continuance of peace than the imposing on ministers the necessity of applying to the people for taxes to support a war."

Fear that it might be charged as a violation of the Espionage Act is likely to prevent the open advocacy of the "capital levy" in the United States, although it is being planked in the platform of great political parties in the countries of America's allies.

Cincinnati, O., August 27 ALFRED H. HENDERSON

Culture and Science

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In the *Nation* of September 7 was an editorial on "Higher Education and the War." You use as your definition of culture "the knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world." I wonder whether you omitted quotation marks in your editorial because you were rendering the words and not the spirit of the quotation.

Culture is more than the heaving of refined sighs, and reason is fundamental to it. Yes, the reason of *skilled cataloguers!* The highest and deepest—divinest—emotion is born of it. Who appreciates truly the beauty of flower, or crystal, or stars, think you—he who by understanding senses the mystery of things, or my lady who bedecks her bosom with the one, vulgarizes the other on her fingers; or even the poet, who has the effrontery to anthropomorphize the stars as "eyes"? The culture one derives from your Plato and Sophocles is essentially, though not of the same magnitude, the culture one derives from science. In all seriousness, it depends on the man himself, for it is written: "The true scientist, as we well know, has the mind of a philosopher, the heart of an artist, the spirit of a mystic—the equipment of a creator."

WILLIAM SCHACK

Brooklyn, September 9

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The Realms of Gold

By O. W. FIRKINS

The Poets of Modern France. By Ludwig Lewisohn. New York: B. W. Huebsch. $1.50.

The Lyrical Poems of Hugo von Hofmannsthal. Translated and introduced by Charles Wharton Stork. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

Lustra. By Ezra Pound. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $1.50 net.

The English Sonnet. By T. W. H. Crosland. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company. $3 net.

MR. LEWISOHN'S book is a translation of sixty French lyrics, to which he has prefixed a clear, compact, and critically valuable introduction written in an engaging, if slightly florid, style.

Modern French verse, according to Mr. Lewisohn, is distinguished by the will to embody or exploit the self. "Self," for me, is a floating word, and Mr. Lewisohn shows not the faintest impulse to moor it to a definition. Indeed, in his case, reverence would almost preclude analysis. "Self," to Mr. Lewisohn, is a holy syllable; it affects him with "sudden adoration and blank awe." Apparently the self dwells aloft and apart in the every-day man, the tribesman, the civic unit, like the sparrow under our eaves or the dove in our chimneys, aloof and lonely even in domestication. Call society a circle, and three conceptions of the individual become possible. The historical view made him a *radius*, completely shut in. Mr. Lewisohn, I should say, makes him a *tangent*, touching the circle at one point only, and distinct even in contact. For me he would be a *secant*, partly coincident with the circle, partly projecting beyond it. Everybody sees that a man is both common and peculiar; what everybody does not see is that his commonness is an ingredient in his peculiarity.

Most of Mr. Lewisohn's poets are Symbolists, and Symbolists tend, it should seem, to overstress their platform. That a man should prefer the course of his own thought to the fall of acorns or the fall of empires is entirely simple; and that he should use acorns and empires in his verse merely as contributors to the movement of his thought is normal and intelligible enough. This is done in Dante's "Vita Nuova"; it is done in Burns's "Mary Morison." Symbolism, however, has to put this very technically; it even has to commission Rémy de Gourmont to find a metaphysical basis for the cult in the doctrine of Schopenhauer that "the world is my representation." On page 8 of Mr. Lewisohn's book the Symbolist is the creator of the objective world; on pages 20 and 21 he is repudiating the objective world with disdain and aversion. This abhorrence of the parent for the child is singular.

The truth is that the reference to philosophical idealism is beside the point. Art's field is experience, external or internal, and to say that experience can be transformed by a fresh view of its metaphysical basis is to say that a man's vision of the sun and the planets may be changed by a shift of his allegiance from Ptolemy to Copernicus. My belief that the world is my product or my image is nothing to the purpose. A painter's method in portraying his own child, or his own image in the glass, does not differ a whit from his method in portraying another man's child, or anybody else's image in the glass, or anybody else's actuality in the street or studio. Moreover, if you want to make subjectivity the property or differentia of a school, nothing can be more ill-advised than to extend its domination to the universe. If an object has certain traits in its own right, other traits may be imparted or imputed to it by human nature, and a distinction between its freehold and its leasehold becomes reasonable and helpful. But if you insist that all its traits without exception are loans or largesses from the human understanding, if the subject consumes and appropriates the object, it becomes harder and harder to make a preference for the subjective the earmark or, to modernize the figure, the fingerprint of a school. "There be land-rats and water-rats," said Shylock. Very true; but if the ocean has engulfed the land, what then?

I dwell too long on matters to which Mr. Lewisohn has assigned only a few pages of his discerning and sympathetic essay. But I have one more criticism to set forth, provoked, in this instance, by the name Symbolist. When I am told that the cross is the symbol of the martyrdom on Calvary, I know what is meant; I know what is meant when I am told that a straight line is the symbol of right or virtue. In both uses I *think* one object by the aid of another to which it has delegated its significance. But with the Symbolist's symbol the case is altogether different. A rose with him is apparently the symbol of its own quality—the loosest of conceptions; or of its psychic counterpart in the observer's mind. But what is a rose to the absolute idealist except his feeling in relation to the rose, and how can a feeling be the symbol of itself?

I have no quarrel with the Symbolists or their work; my quarrel is with their passports and their baggage. Let me now set down, briefly and modestly, the impressions I derive from my own scant acquaintance with this distinguished and intimate poetry. First, it is a *punctuated* verse, a verse with palpitant intervals. Again, it is a *sheathed* verse; it makes of externality a shelter from externality, as we do with the roofs of our houses and the wrappage of our bodies. Still further, it is seemingly tentative even in its premeditation; in uttering one word, it seems hearkening for the next. Mr. Lewisohn's word "revery" is finely accurate; this verse is *preoccupied;* its disclosure is a cleft in its reserve. Again, it is verse of a veiled richness, comparable to dusk in a rose-garden, or perhaps, in its union of the silvery and the prismatic, to a lunar rainbow. In English such poetry might be vacuous; in French it is only subtile. Air-cell in English becomes blood-sac in French; the Gallic stock excels the Saxon, not in force of heartbeat, but in the ability to propel the blood-stream into the remoter and slenderer filaments of experience. Two phrases of Verlaine, "rien que la nuance" and "l'Indécis au Précis se joint," and one of Rodenbach's, "il fait chanter de l'ombre," help the fumbling American to embody his shifting sense of this melancholy and seductive verse.

Mr. Lewisohn's main object is translation, and his aptitude for this task is real and rare. He has drunk in the originals, and their music and expressiveness transpire from his pen. In the "Mill" his English equals in suggestiveness the robust French of Verhaeren; in the "Seven Daughters of Orlamonde" it surpasses the French of Maeterlinck. His empyreal line, "Falls lovely pallor gradual as snow," is better to my ear than Samain's "Il neige lentement d'adorables pâleurs," and Paul Fort's fine "Rêve d'ombre, rêve bleu, brisés sur le barrage," seems fully equalled by the translator's superb "Blue dream and dark which down the cruel

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river sweeps." He is especially happy in the leisure of freighted lines, and in the terminal lines of stanzas where his power to bank up sound is remarkable:

> Drooping again deep through the blackening air
> And utter silence of a world that dies.

Mr. Lewisohn is too modern not to favor the plethoric line and the athletic foot, the foot that spans chasms and scales barriers by pure energy. "A long life's lingering and importunate thread" is an instance. He is venturesome, but not foolhardy, in these vaultings, and comes off unscathed, though sometimes the escape is as narrow as that of Marmion from the descending gate and rising drawbridge of Douglas's castle. But he can reach the heart by measured music and simple words, as in the exquisite "And thou wilt give them what thou hast, a little barley bread" (the allusion is not to Mr. Hoover). Of course, Mr. Lewisohn's felicity is variable, but he is never less than adequate, or, if he fails at all, fails only in the stanzas from Gautier's "Art" which serve as motto and prelude to the renderings.

Mr. Stork's Hofmannsthal volume is like his other translations; a small part of it is very good, most of it oscillates between the acceptable and the mediocre, and all of it, even the very good parts, is flecked with errors, crudities, and makeshifts, which are always vexatious and sometimes inexcusable. Mr. Stork is inexcusable, for instance, when he confounds syntax and perverts meaning in his happy-go-lucky version of "Death" (page 35), and he is inexcusable when he translates "weht mich an" by "weighs me down" (page 47). Apparently he does not know that while "Spüren eins des andern Hauch" is poetry, the English "Each the breath of other feeleth" is—ointment. In "Travel Song," in the first of "Three Little Songs," and especially in "Of the Outward Life," he has succeeded. I found the other day in a seventeenth-century dramatist the pleasing proverb: "Soft fire makes sweet malt." A slow fire is insupportable to Mr. Stork; he is much too avid of consummations.

"Where should this music be? i' th' air or th' earth?" is the question which the reader of Hofmannsthal's lyrics in the German is moved to put to that full-throated mystic. The peculiarity and the vantage-ground of this mysticism is its equal participation in earth and air. *Shadow* is powerful only as the complement and image of *body;* Hofmannsthal gains the impressiveness which many soothsayers miss by his equal and concurrent hold on the *body* and the *shadow*. Show him one thing, and he sees another: in the dreamer, the dream; in your self, your ancestors; in your to-day, your yesterday; in your hand, your soul; in your soul, the divine spirit. The world is porous, and all things interpenetrate. Is he a philosopher? His imagination, though fed by philosophy, is no more properly philosophical than a child brought up on ewe's milk is a lamb.

Hofmannsthal's mind hovers on the end, the verge of life, not, however, to bemoan its cessation or to rejoice in its continuance, but to pasture on its mystery and awe. This poetry is stimulative, but restful—restful in stimulus; it sets us vibrating—so does a hammock or a cradle. It is true poetry; it is large poetry. That it is great in the absolute and final sense I hesitate to assert. To Hofmannsthal life is a passage, a transition, and his verse usually impresses me as a stately and dusky corridor without issue in a door. There is a charming image in one poem of a child into whose milk-bowl the stars almost fall. I can see the fallen stars in Hofmannsthal's poetry, but I am not sure that his bowl has a rim.

Mr. Pound's parti-colored "Lustra" reminds me of the words of Suzanne in Sardou's "Les Pattes de Mouche":

> Show me a gentleman seated in an American rocking-chair, before a Flemish table covered with an Algerian carpet, and sipping from porcelain of Saxony a Chinese liqueur, while he smokes Turkish tobacco after a dinner à la russe.

Mr. Pound draws his themes from all lands, his phrases from all languages. The Pentecostal effect stops with the confusion of dialects; it scarcely reaches to the tongues of fire. Mr. Pound delights in the semblance of passion, while scarcely valuing its reality, as a person disposed to coolness might take pleasure in the shadow of flame. He might prefer a ghost to a living woman, but by choice it should be the ghost of Cleopatra or Iseulte.

Not passionate but zestful—the phrase fixes a boundary and notes a spell. Mr. Pound breathes a crisp air. Even in mere bedevilments of the reader, like "Three Cantos," there is a vague æsthetic virtue, imparting not a sense of beauty precisely, but a tingle at the imminence of its approach. The poet has many knacks, if few capacities. He can turn an epigram with a neatness that half revives my dimming memories of Martial. In "*ἰμέρρω*" he reveals that precision which made the Greeks sculptors even of language. In "ΔΩΡΙΑ" beauty of a sort is not only foreshadowed but realized.

> Be in me as the eternal moods
> of the bleak wind, and not
> As transient things are—
> gaiety of flowers.
> Have me in the strong loneliness
> of sunless cliffs
> And of grey waters.
> Let the gods speak softly of us
> In days hereafter,
> The shadowy flowers of Orcus
> Remember Thee.

The same mood, at once absorbed and abstracted, the mood of trance, in a word, is audible in the two sybaritic lines:

> There is none like thee among the dancers;
> None with swift feet.

Even this profitable vein is slightly and casually worked. Mr. Pound has a glancing and a restless mind, a coy eagerness, an alert nonchalance. His poems are brief, or are compounded of successions of brevities. His rich variety of exquisite accomplishment has left him in a sense unschooled. The man who will eat only nightingales' tongues may be famished by his very delicacy. Mr. Pound lacks, not deftness, not fineness, but the faith and the will which are parts of capacity. He can fix on nothing; he rebels today against his revolt of yesterday. Even his pursuit of beauty is wavering; the grotesque and the peculiar encroach upon the beautiful in his verse. He who forsakes the wife will often forsake the mistress, and beauty perhaps will not reap an abiding loyalty from those who have renounced all other loyalties in its behalf.

Mr. Pound is quite clear that he will obey no one but himself; the trouble is that he waits vainly at his own threshold for the command. After all, there are consolations in having no errand; one can stare to one's heart's content in the shop-windows.

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Mr. Crosland's "English Sonnet" is worth reading. It is too freakish to be trustworthy, but its intermittent soundness will be useful to readers who perceive the intermittency. For Mr. Crosland the sonnet is not affected, but natural; not optional, but fated. Its observance is an act of worship, and any flaw in the solemnization is an impiety. He lays down a minute and rigid "canon," the particulars of which I should in the main receive as advantages, but reject as obligations. Two rather venial licenses, the merging of octets into sestets, and the ending of sestets in couplets, are the objects of his special animostiy. After all, what is to be done? Mr. Crosland's orders are only prayers, and it favors the pungency of his book rather than the success of his plea that his prayers should so closely resemble execrations. The hectoring is keen enough to be enjoyable, but if you rate poets like schoolboys, the chances are that they will take the rating schoolboy fashion. What can be done if the public has the baseness to peruse the botchwork which Milton, Keats, and Wordsworth had the impudence to write? Mr. Crosland himself reads them, admires them between diatribes. Possibly the poets know best; men have been known to show a little sense, even in their own specialty. English is not ductile, and Englishmen are not meticulous, and a difficult form may hold its place in a rigid tongue and among an off-hand people only by a "prudent relaxation" of the heaviest of its restrictions.

BOOKS

Kipling Anatomized

Kipling the Story Writer. By Walter Morris Hart. Berkeley: University of California Press.

THERE are many reasons for the decline of Mr. Kipling's literary reputation, which dates from the turn of the century and the Boer War. English Liberals, such as Chesterton, persistently disparage his work because they dislike his politics. His scorn for "the flannelled fools at the wicket and the muddied oafs at the goals" set the sportsmen against him. In this country, his criticism of Americans has made him anything but popular. In a recent number of the *Nation* a writer cited with apparent approval the opinion that the author of "They" and "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas" was a "blethering ranter." At the same time, his works have sold by the hundreds of thousands of copies, and he has a following prepared to go to the stake for their faith in his supremacy in prose and verse. Most curious of all is his appeal to the academic mind. Charles Eliot Norton hailed him as "next poet" in the *Atlantic Monthly;* last year Professor Maurice Hutton, most fastidious of Hellenists, delighted the Royal Society of Canada with a brilliant study of the complete Kipling canon; and now a great American university stamps its imprimatur upon a scholarly analysis of his art as a teller of tales. Some cry up, and some cry down; the truth must lie somewhere between the two extremes.

Professor W. M. Hart's effort to arrive at the truth is disinterested and thorough. He has the critic's prime quality—the sympathy with his subject which is the gateway to understanding; and yet he does not allow his admiration to swamp his judgment. He has considered the evidence carefully, and he has reasoned coolly. His conclusions, therefore, are likely to meet with general acceptance. The public has a right to look to the universities for guidance in forming its opinions, especially in matters literary.

Kipling is not of those writers who did their best work first, or merely stereotyped an early success. He has not stood still; he has grown in range of interest, in power of handling his themes, in idealism. Professor Hart finds three stages in his development. In the first, he wrote of life in India; in the second, of life in India and England; in the third, almost exclusively of life in England. He began his career as a journalist, writing his plain tales under pressure and fitting them into the allotted space in his newspaper. Cynicism of tone, confusion in method, lapses in style are the faults of the 'prentice hand; but the same 'prentice hand had the firm, fresh, new touch, and it lifted the curtain on a new world. Change in conditions brought changes in art. Release from "the galley" of journalism, leisure, residence in England and the United States reacted upon his methods. His tales grew longer, more elaborate, richer in content, and mellower in tone. Between Kipling's art and his reputation there is this strange contrast: his art has steadily improved and his reputation has just as steadily declined.

In this kind of literary study, comparisons are inevitable. From the very first, the resemblance between Bret Harte and Kipling was seen and pointed out. It is natural that a California professor should emphasize the analogies between the author of Jack Hamlin and the author of Terence Mulvaney. Comparison between Kipling and de Maupassant, the foremost English and French masters of the short story, could not well be avoided. Professor Hart does not share Chesterton's view of Kipling being infected with de Maupassant's "cruelty." He credits the Englishman with "greater scope and the greater variety of manner." Kipling's work "has greater diversity of times, places, and persons, and greater multiformity of plot. It bears evidence of powers of observation and memory no less accurate and vivid, and at the same time it combines with these a romantic, ideal, and even a stimulating or uplifting quality not found in Maupassant." Some of the parallels, it must be confessed, remind one of Fluellen's comparison of Macedon and Monmouth. Few readers, for instance, would perceive any resemblance between "Le Baptême" and "The Knife and the Naked Chalk," unless it were pointed out.

The final comparison is with Chaucer, the acknowledged master of the short story. "His greatness still lies, not in his reasoning powers, not in his moral interpretation of life, not in his sense of form, but rather in his sense of fact, vivid, concrete, humanly interesting; in a power of emotion closely related to this sense of fact; in an emotional or even sensational appeal, and in intensity, in vital energy. With the single exception of Chaucer, he is the most powerful personality of all those who have expressed themselves in the short story."

Much praise is justly bestowed upon Kipling's later work, "Puck of Pook's Hill," "Rewards and Fairies," "They," "The Just-So Stories," about which most critics are so strangely silent. Can it be that they have formed their opinions solely on "The Plain Tales"? Of course, any one of these achievements would have made the reputation of an unknown author; but the makers of literary fame, from one motive or another, leave them out of account. Meantime, the Kipling-lôg, secure in the possession of their Palace of Pleasure—the master's five and twenty volumes—care not whether the critics cry up or cry down.

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Syrian Architecture and Inscriptions

Publications of the Princeton University Archæological Expeditions to Syria in 1904–1905 and 1909. Division II. Ancient Architecture in Syria. By Howard Crosby Butler. Division III. Greek and Latin Inscriptions in Syria. By Enno Littmann and David Magie, jr. Section A (Southern Syria), Part 6. Leyden: E. J. Brill.

THE present volume of this important publication is one of especial interest, for it deals with the ruins at Sī', in the Hauran. The chief importance of the site lies in the fact that the remains discovered there, which can be accurately dated, constitute the finest known example of the so-called Nabatæan architecture. The French explorer De Vogüé visited the place in 1861, and even his necessarily hasty examination of the ruin sufficed to show its unique significance and to identify the most important building in the great complex. In the American expedition of 1900 and the two Princeton expeditions Professor Butler and his colleagues, with better equipment and more time at their disposal, were able to make many new and important discoveries, and to improve upon former results by means of more accurate measurements and the manifold help gained from new material. This volume gives a complete account of the buildings of the site, so far as they are known.

Sī' is not the name of a town, but of a sanctuary or "high place," situated on the crest of an elongated hill, a short distance southeast of Qanawat, the Kanatha of the classical writers. The buildings of the great precinct were all religious structures, dated by Nabatæan and Greek inscriptions from 33 B. C. to the latter part of the first century A. D., and by certain architectural details belonging to the second century A. D. The oldest and finest of the temples is the one dedicated to Baal Shamin, the deity whose worship held such an important place throughout all Syria and the adjacent lands, from at least the ninth century B. C. down into the Christian era. A purposely disfigured form of his name is to be seen in the Hebrew text of Daniel 9:27, 11:31, 12:11. A statue of Herod the Great was set up in this temple. Another building, discovered in 1904, can be identified with practical certainty as a temple of Dushara, the Dionysus of the Nabatæans. An inscription on an altar which stood in front of this temple is dated in the thirty-third year of the reign of Philip the Tetrarch, *i. e.*, 30 A. D.

The architecture of these Nabatæan sanctuaries is most instructive, thanks especially to Professor Butler's brilliant work of reconstruction and interpretation. Particularly interesting, of course, is the more complete demonstration of a native West Asiatic art seemingly untouched by Hellenistic influences. For plan and structure of the buildings we have for comparison the ruins at Suweda and Umm el-Jimal, also examined and described by the Princeton expeditions. The details of the decorative sculpture, very beautiful and surprisingly varied, afford a fascinating study. We see here old Asiatic motives and modes of treatment, some of which found their way into Europe through the medium of Byzantine art. The student will find instructive parallels even in some Assyrian and Hittite monuments, while on the other hand the study is not complete without a comparison of the decoration in such Mohammedan structures as those at Mshetta and Samarra. Professor Butler remarks on the extraordinary skill with which these Syrian stone-cutters shaped and fitted their great blocks of hard stone. Among the details of their art to which he calls especial attention (p. 369 f.) are these: They placed the arch directly upon the column, being perhaps the first architects to do so. They employed in their mouldings a great variety of profiles, few of which are to be found in the classical architecture of Greece or of Rome. They used the bell, or inverted capital, as a base for columns; and also designed capitals of many varieties, for the most part quite unlike the capitals of the classical orders. Moreover, these Oriental artists introduced grotesques and naturalistic animal forms into their carving. Human figures with distorted bodies and grinning faces appear among the leafage of some of the capitals, while birds and locusts are found in the foliage of the grapevines. Professor Butler concludes that there are no evidences of building activity at this site later than the second century A. D.

The most interesting inscription in the volume is the bilingual, Nabatæan and Greek, in which there appears to be a remarkable personification of the site, a statue (not thus far recovered) representing "Seeia standing overlooking the land of the Hauran." The inscription gives us for the first time the contemporary name of this "high place" in both languages. The editors believe that the meaning of the name, as well as the form, is now evident; and further, that we can observe here the evolution of a local goddess. A word of caution against regarding these things as fully assured is perhaps in place. The Aramaic word employed might indeed mean "a levelled space," as here supposed, but other meanings are equally possible and perhaps more likely. If the personification of the great platform is granted, it is not necessary to postulate for the resulting goddess any real religious significance. In Isaiah 40:9, for instance, Zion is represented as getting up to a mountain top and proclaiming good news to the cities of Judah. If the picture had become popular, it is easy to imagine a patriotic sculptor making and erecting a beautiful image of "Zion standing and overlooking the land of Judea," even without a thought of making Zion a goddess. Here in the Hauran the personification would certainly have been deified, at least in name; but as in the many familiar cointypes such as "The Divine Rome," "The Goddess Sidon," etc., we should probably be dealing rather with a mere habit of pictorial representation than with any fact of actual worship. The unknown quantities are so many here as to render every conjecture precarious; very likely further exploration of the site will clear up some of these matters which are now obscure. Professor Butler repeatedly urges the necessity of much more thorough and extended work in this great ruin than has thus far been possible. We may hope that American enterprise and scholarship will carry to completion, when it becomes feasible, the important task which has been so admirably begun by the Princeton Expedition.

Contributors to this Issue

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Two Records

The High Romance: A Spiritual Autobiography. By Michael Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

Fields and Battlefields. By No. 31450. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co.

FROM fiction in the form of autobiography and autobiography in the form of fiction we seem to have progressed to a form of chronicle in which personal experience and fancy are still less distinguishably blended. "The High Romance," like Hamlin Garland's recent "A Son of the Middle Border," is mainly the story of a man by himself; but the self that writes is a writing self, conscious of "literary" backgrounds and objectives. Other readers of the recently published "Extracts from the Journal of Thomas Russell Sullivan" may, like the present reader, have got a rather touching impression of earnest futility. This pleasant voice out of the twittering dusk of Boston's greatness wished so intensely to be a voice for the future. He writes his chronicle of little literary enterprises, and nice literary fellows, and Papyrus dinners, always with the wistful consciousness that his life and his record of it is somehow not stuff to hold the future. About himself as a diarist he says the truth, early in his experiment: "The whole thing is slight, superficial. I have not learned the trick of the depths." *The trick of the depths*—how ingenuously the phrase gives away the Boston of the nineties! The author of "The High Romance" belongs to a later American type, the writer of unschooled taste and shifting self-made standards, who out of the grind of newspaper work or other grudged employment strains feverishly towards the mystical fame of the "author," the maker of real literature. He here records the rather depressing history of a frog who tortures himself in the effort to be an ox. Mediocrity of talent and lack of mental or moral poise are, by dint of a colossal "temperament," to be swelled to the proportions of genius. He can make nothing of life, but is bound to interpret it, to the world's applause! Out of his struggle to produce something both great for all time and modern to the moment, as well as out of his restless groping among new and fantastic creeds and philosophies, he is drawn by the mystical aid of a little saint of his own half-forgotten church, Sister Teresa, a Carmelite nun who died not long ago in France. She promised to "let fall a shower of roses" after death, each rose to be a "spiritual favor" granted to some fortunate believer. Our wanderer believes, breathes the physical perfume of the heavenly rose, receives the personal "favors" of his patroness, and is saved. From the Protestant point of view, what has happened is that a Celt with a surplus of his race's temperament and a minimum of its character quite fails to pull himself out of the human slough by the bootstraps of secular thought or emotion, but finds instant ease and security in accepting the spiritual rule of thumb offered by the Roman faith. The book as a whole has a good deal of documentary interest, in its sketches of various phases and episodes in our national experience.

"Fields and Battlefields" is another book of informal comment and chronicle, neither mere record nor set fiction. On the surface it is of a type familiar enough, a series of sketches drawn from personal experience and observation at the war-front. But in effect it is a very different thing, a book almost unique, indeed, among the records of this war. For we have had the singular and, for the immediate future of poetry, the significant fact that our young men of breeding and promise, English and American, have thus far reacted to an actual experience of war almost invariably in verse. There is poise in this unpretentious book, a clearly felt reserve of force, whether intellectual or emotional, that marks it as the work of a type not yet extinct, though often mocked at, the "gentleman and the scholar." The anonymous author is merely a sergeant in the R. A. M. C., serving in Belgium and France. He is known to the fellows of his unit as "Bags," and there is evidently no doubt anywhere as to their full comradeship on terms of social and intellectual equality. Meanwhile, during his endless labors in dressing station or hospital, he is seeing and pondering what they, for the most part, merely pass through. He sees the deeper humor of the British Tommy in his strange foreign setting, grubbing in the trenches, jesting in billets, or harmlessly making love to the arch and capable womankind of shop and estaminet. He sees the beneficent rapprochement of the two neighbor races, so often at odds through needless ignorance of each other. He sees on the other hand the monstrousness of the "Walpurgis dance" in which the warring peoples join when a great battle is on at the front. All its elements pass before him in his post of succor a little to the rear: "Pilgrim after pilgrim came from the dread shrine over the hill, contributed each his share of hope, indignation, despair, and passed on. But first he drank a cup of tea or Oxo. Everywhere the common, ordinary things of life insisted on obtruding. Last night the witches had been riding, and here were the results of their incantations—a stew-pot of tragedy and the eyes of men in pain, of exaltation, blood, and weariness, of the breath of gas patients, of unspeakable oaths, of fortitude, sacrifice, and of Oxo." Or in a special service nearer the tumult, he gets a more concrete impression: "After hours of shuffling round clay corners we emerged at length upon a shallow arena where troops were coming and going. Danger sharpens the senses like low music. It seemed that for our benefit the monomaniac genius of Man had contrived a marvellous composition of Death and the indifferent moon hung upon her clouds, of little black shifting figures of men, a heap of slain, giant shadows climbing the earth as the flare-lights waned, a bent tree, the distant roar of big guns, singing bullets, moving lights. . . . Here, truly, was the second circle of sad Hell."

Yet however sensitive he may be to the sombre actuality, he is never quite its victim. After each experience of apparently meaningless horror and anguish, his nature is able to react; his mind "rights itself like a good ship." Even for those who have most dreadfully perished in the body he discerns the possibility of a higher compensation: "If we could by some natural miracle have reached them in their suffering, we should have done so at all costs, at all risks. It was not only a thought: it was a desire. . . . But in the perfection of Thought, in God, why not attribute the same desire? What if that unison is already achieved, most truly and most powerfully?" We should be giving a wrong impression of the book if we left it to be supposed that the sentences we have quoted are of a sort frequent in its pages. They suggest the deeper vein of a record which is, to the more casual eye, a series of sketches, graceful, sympathetic, finished, yet unlabored—literary in the best sense because humane in all senses.

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The Processes of History

The Processes of History. By Frederick J. Teggart. New Haven: Yale University Press. $1.25 net.

IN this volume, which summarizes much thought and wide reading, the author attempts "to do for human history what biologists are engaged in doing for the history of the forms of life." His object is to suggest a method to explain how man everywhere has come to be what he is. To do this he essays to combine in one consistent statement the results which have been attained by scholars in such varied fields as anthropology, philology, geography, and history. Professor Teggart draws largely for purposes of comparison upon the history of China, India, and Western Asia, which he rightly insists has been too much neglected by historians who have thought of the European nations as the only really "civilized" and "advanced" peoples whose history was worth writing. By this scientific comparative method he finds that the great political states in human history have originated in regions not consciously selected by men, but definitely determined by geographical factors; and that in all cases these have been "points of pressure" where a settled group has been forced into conflict with a migrating group. The migrating group is set in motion not, as is usually supposed, by an increase in population, but by a diminution of the food supply, which again is due to climatic or geographic influences. Nations as they exist to-day differ because of differences in "idea-systems," which differences are due to the "release" of mental powers resulting from contact with migrating peoples or with new environmental influences. The truth of this evolution of "idea-systems" in nations may be verified by any individual from his own personal experiences in meeting new people or in moving into a new community.

Such are a few of the interesting conclusions of what we should call Professor Teggart's "philosophy of history" were it not that, like many good historians, he strongly objects to the phrase and insists that his method is scientific and comparable to that of Darwin. We are quite ready to admit that his new methodology, with its scholarly research and modest tentativeness of statement, is far removed from the crude philosophies of history of earlier generations, which too often made incautious use of mere analogies, or indulged in broad and sweeping generalizations that were not supported by any adequate body of ordered and sifted evidence. Professor Teggart has not fallen into these errors.

The book is one which the historian will read with pleasure and ought to ponder. Nevertheless, human history, we venture to think, is too complex a matter to be explained by any such comparatively simple formulas as the astronomer, the chemist, and even the biologist may adopt. It is significant that while Professor Teggart speaks much of Darwin, according to whom evolution seems a fairly simple matter, he says nothing of Mendel, whose disciples have been showing how infinitely varied, remote, and difficult to determine are the characteristics which any particular individual may inherit. It is this complexity in the inheritance and surrounding influences of the individual and of the social group which makes it doubtful whether we ought to disagree with F. W. Maitland, who has maintained in a delightful essay that there can be no such thing as "political science."

Notes

THE autumn publications of D. Appleton & Company include: "For the Freedom of the Seas," by Ralph Henry Barbour; "The Masters of the Peaks," by Joseph A. Altsheler; "The Lost Hunters," by Joseph A. Altsheler; "Captain Ted," by Louis Pendleton; "Unchained Russia," by Charles Edward Russell; "The Little Democracy," by Ida Clyde Clarke; "The Amateur Mechanic," by A. Frederick Collins; "The Doctor's Part," by Colonel James R. Church.

Shortly T. Fisher Unwin will publish: "Home Rule and Conscription," by Sir Horace Plunkett; and "Democracy at the Cross Roads," by Mauds Petre.

The Marshall Jones Company will publish in the autumn the following volumes: "Letters of Susan Hale," edited by Caroline P. Atkinson, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale, jr.; "Korean Buddhism," by Frederick Starr; "The Power of Dante," by Charles Hall Grandgent.

"The Great Change," by Charles W. Wood, is announced for publication in October by Boni & Liveright.

Among the October publications of Frederick A. Stokes Company are: "Geology," by A. R. Dwerryhouse; "Ireland: Its Saints and Scholars," by J. M. Flood; "Ireland: A Song of Hope and Other Poems," by Padric Gregory; "The History of Aryan Rule in India," by H. L. Havell; "Chats on Old Clocks," by Arthur Hayden; "The Romance of the Human Body," by Ronald C. Macfie; "Modern Art," by Charles Marriott; "Montenegro in History, Politics, and War," by Alexander Devine; "The Kingdom Maker," by Seosamh O'Neill; "Thoughts on Love and Death"; "The True Story of Alsace-Lorraine," by Ernest A. Vizetelly; "Little Miss Anzac," by W. A. Holman; "Wonder Tales from Scottish Myth and Legend," by Donald A. MacKenzie; "In Wheelabout and Cockalone," by Grace Rhys; "The Secret Passage," by Dorothy Russell; "The Fairy Scales," by Gladys Smythe; "The Madonna of the Goldfinch," by Amy Steedman; "Selected Essays and Passages," by Standish O'Grady; "Recollections of Jonah Barrington"; "Poems of Sir Samuel Ferguson." Stories of the Good Shepherd series: "The Story of the Good Shepherd," by J. A. Douglas; "The Story of Daniel," by Bishop Osborne; "The Story of David," "The Story of Elijah," "The Story of St. Paul," "The Story of St. Peter," "The Story of Moses," all five volumes by H. L. Taylor. Golden Harvest series: "A Cheerful Courage," "Consolation and Comfort," "Joy and Gladness," by Standish O'Grady. Wonderland series: "The Deeds of Dinky-Dandy," "Little Squirrel Tickletail."

THE Petit Palais, which lately took the place of the Grand Palais in Paris as the scene of the Salon of 1918, has just opened its doors to the very humblest of French exhibitions. It is known as the Concours Lépine. M. Lépine, for long years the greatly beloved Préfet de Police of Paris, was, like Dickens in England and Daudet in France, a man whose sympathies went out to the very poor, the *deshérités*. He knew where these people hid away their misery; he knew how industrious, in their own humble way, such people generally are, especially in France. Knowing their resourcefulness and power of utilizing waste, the Préfet resolved to bring to the light all this hidden ingenuity of the Paris slums. Some fourteen years ago he organized the first Exposition des Petits

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Inventeurs, a tiny affair in a tent on the Champs-Elysées. It was a huge success, and every year it has been held on a growing scale. This year the show is the more pathetic for its sumptuous setting. True, it is only a shadow of itself, for the inventive brains and hands even of the disinherited have found a heritage of honor on the battlefield. But the toys and dolls and their furniture have the true French *cachet*—light and graceful—the very opposite of the cheap German toys to which we have so long been accustomed. A new rag doll, wittily conceived and attractively painted "to the life," is termed the national doll. Amid the household articles and conveniences are many clever models fashioned of simplest materials. Particular emphasis is laid on devices for cooking and lighting with a minimum of fuel.

IN "The Eclipse of Russia" (Doran; $4 net), Dr. E. J. Dillon reviews the reign of Nicholas II, and gives a detailed account of the events that led to the dissolution of the monarchy and paved the way for the present state of apparent chaos. His narrative includes sketches of the statesmen, politicians, courtiers, and others who played parts in the drama, among which the most important is that of his personal friend, the late Count Witte. Dr. Dillon is inclined to think that Witte, if any one, might have saved the autocracy—for a time, at least—had he been given a free hand. But this he was never given. In the critical case of his efforts on behalf of religious toleration, for instance, Witte was never tired of pleading the cause of freedom, and the Emperor seemed ready to make concessions and even issued a manifesto promising a wide toleration. Yet what was the outcome? In the author's words:

> The Jews were hampered and "squeezed" perhaps more systematically than before. . . . Roman Catholics were also objects of continual chicanery. . . . To belong to the Armenian church was to be branded with the mark of Cain, and at times it was worse to be a Russian nonconformist than to prison [poison?] one's neighbor.

The author thinks, however, that the case for the permanent survival of the autocracy was hopeless from the beginning. Autocracy might, indeed, have gone by the board, and the Czardom have been saved, but the advent of Nicholas II made even this impossible. While in no sense a definitive history of the reign of the late Czar, the present book contains much valuable material for the future historian, and is entirely free from the irresponsible and misleading political prophesying and speculation that have distinguished the work of so many recent writers on things Russian.

A NEW volume, "Interned in Germany," by Henry C. Mahoney (McBride; $2 net) is a sequel to the author's "Sixteen Months in Four German Prisons," published over a year ago. He confines himself in the more recent book to his experiences at Ruhleben, describing and narrating with unfailing liveliness and with much of that cheerful British stoicism which he vaunts in his fellow-prisoners. Though Mr. Mahoney has no sweeping indictment to bring against the camp control, he makes it evident that the efforts to render the lot of the civilian prisoners humanly tolerable proceeded from their own initiative and not from the fostering care of the German Government. The most interesting chapter of the book deals with the "P. G.'s" or pro-Germans, those several hundred among the five thousand Englishmen at Ruhleben who were German in all but birth and official standing. The machinations of this group appear to have furnished a necessary ingredient of spice to the dull life. The spelling of the German phrases scattered through the book leaves something to be desired.

THERE was a time when, because of reminiscences of certain yellow wrappers, a book was supposed to be bad because it was a French book. Now it is quite the other way; just because a war book is a French book, we are inclined to call it good. Nevertheless Captain André Cornet-Auquier's "A Soldier Unafraid" (Little, Brown; $1 net) is not good. The value of its lesson, that good officers must look out for their men, is lost in the persistent religiosity of the letters which have been collected to make up the volume. A little bit is stretched a long way.

FOR ten years Mr. Francis Hackett has with great glee been writing the reviews that now appear in "Horizons: A Book of Criticism" (B. W. Huebsch; $2 net). The "correctness" of Professor Stuart P. Sherman stings him like a gadfly. Mr. Hackett, on the contrary, must record his own emotions or not write at all. Novelists, American, British, Russian, dramatists both Irish and ephemeral, poetry, war books—everything recent excites fine contempt for the commonplace and flowing praise of the new, the untrammelled, the heterodox, and the bizarre.

AN American physician, Gulielma Alsop, whose "My Chinese Days" has just been published by Little, Brown & Company ($2 net), went out to China as a missionary doctor. By her own admission she was not much of a missionary, though she seems to have preached on occasion in the hospital chapel. Her practice among the Chinese at Shanghai apparently ran largely to "baby cases," which owed their exotic poignancy in many instances to tragedies involved in the coming of female babies in place of the longed-for male. She battled courageously with the tyranny of "good custom," which is the cause of so much misery in the lives of Chinese women, and it is amusing to read her account of an unsuccessful struggle—this time on the side of "good custom"—with a wilful Chinese nurse, who insisted on taking her doctrine literally, finding a beau in true Western style, and marrying him in the teeth of native etiquette. Talking of beaus, the author was not long in finding one of her own in the person of Edward Stevens, who had caught a glimpse of her months before in Philadelphia and fallen desperately in love with her, and who here pursues his suit with patient ardor, undismayed by modern heresies to which she lavishly treats him. Quite the last thing that we should expect would be to find a missionary hampered by a romance in telling her story. Yet that is, to some extent, the case here, and if we had heard less of the pros and cons of the author's marriage with Mr. Stevens, and more about things Chinese, the book would not have been less interesting.

Amusements

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Drama

Plays Pleasant*

ONE always looks hopefully to the opening of the dramatic season in New York. Here may be seen, not only those productions that have already established a cautious footing elsewhere, but many first ventures, including some which go no further, like Miss Theresa Helburn's "Crops and Croppers," which seems to have "come a cropper" within a fortnight.

First-night enthusiasts have been busy this fall and fairly happy, for they have already seen five or six plays distinctly good. There is an atmosphere of cheer in the theatres much needed and much appreciated. The war play is in a decidedly unpopular minority, although "Forever After" finds favor, owing to Miss Alice Brady's personality. So far nothing very deep or permanent, perhaps nothing very "worth while," according to many critics, has appeared. But there are plays that are clean and wholesome, remarkably well produced, and excellently acted.

Oscar Wilde's "An Ideal Husband" is easily at the head of the season's early productions. This may be considered a morality play of the gayest sort, with the stern Victorian law of retribution moderated by luminous satire and lighthearted scandal. It was so well acted by its "all-star" company that it stands quite apart.

Otis Skinner, as Albert Mott in "Humpty-Dumpty," has added the art of the hair-dresser to the long list of occupations he has graced. An artist he certainly is, and his attachment draws him back to Mott's hair-dressing establishment at Swashcombe-on-Sea, even from the dizzying height of the peerage, where he was chiefly impressed by the need of wigs in the House of Lords. Mr. Skinner's warm personality, delightful diction, and romantic flavor are as *irresistible* as ever. One suffers the usual disappointment that the play itself does not furnish him a worthier setting, as it is but a frail vehicle for so robust an actor. But in addition to the unfailing pleasure afforded by Mr. Skinner's acting, is the rare portrayal, by Miss Beryl Mercer, of Mrs. Mott, the self-respecting old mother who declines to be made "my lady" and whose simple life is radiant with the love of mother and son.

Mother-love is also the keynote of the lonely orphan's life in "Jonathan Makes a Wish"—only in this case it is but a memory. Gregory Kelly is such a lovable boy of fourteen that he should follow the Peter Pan rule and not grow up. The needs of an expanding boy soul have perhaps never been so earnestly presented to the American audience. The play is as perishable—and as appealing—as a morning glory.

The "Unknown Purple" is a mystery play of retribution suffused with a mysterious purple light, in which Richard Bennett is distinctly impressive. Mystery is also embedded in the slim comedy called "Another Man's Shoes." The distracted young man around whom the story revolves is afflicted with "double aphasia and alternating personalities." After all, the play matters only as a frame for Lionel Atwill's astonishing stare, around which whole plays could be written.

*"Forever After." By Owen Davis.....Central Theatre
"An Ideal Husband." By Oscar Wilde .....Comedy Theatre
"Humpty-Dumpty." By Horace Annesley Vachell.....Lyceum Theatre
"Jonathan Makes a Wish." By Stuart Walker .....Princess Theatre
"The Unknown Purple." By Roland West.....Lyric Theatre
"Another Man's Shoes." By Laura Hinckley and Mabel Ferris, 39th St. Theatre

Finance

The Activity of General Business

ONE of the striking phenomena in connection with the general speeding-up of our military machine is the continued activity of general business. Advices from various trade centres indicate that, notwithstanding prevailing uncertainty concerning war complications and the continuance of high prices for merchandise and raw materials, the country is doing a large volume of lucrative business.

Many of the principal industries, especially steel, are almost overwhelmed with Government work. In others, where the proportion of war orders is not so large, activity is based on a broadening of the mercantile inquiry. At some centres a hesitant tone has been shown, due in part to the large increase in manufacturing costs resulting from the higher wages and prices of material. It is evident that wage increases will continue; the shortage of labor is so great that employers will naturally make competitive bids for the services of such workers as can be procured.

An element of great importance in increased manufacturing costs is the growing inefficiency of labor. In some branches where wages have doubled within three years, this inefficiency is placed at from 50 to 60 per cent. Fresh complications may develop in consequence of the withdrawal of several million additional workers under the Draft law.

The satisfactory showing made by manufacturers and business men in many great cities is highly encouraging. The August returns show the smallest number of failures reported in any month for seventeen years. One reason for this exhibit is the increased caution which most business men show in time of war. The conservative policy adopted by the banks as soon as the United States became a belligerent nation has also helped the situation immensely. Bankers have urged their patrons to limit their borrowings to cover essential needs, and not to attempt expensive improvement work. The splendid service rendered the country by the Federal Reserve Board and also by the Capital Issues Committee will not soon be forgotten. These organizations have emphasized the need of credit restrictions in war time and the wisdom of deferring extensive improvement work that could be just as well postponed.

This conservatism has prepared the way for a general strengthening of the money market during the period of heavy Government financing. Had it not been for the splendid coöperation between the Treasury officials and the bankers of the Reserve centres, it would never have been possible to finance these huge operations in the easy way in which it has been done. Business men are finding it advantageous to have a well-organized discount market in the United States for their aid in case of emergency. Great business interests are evidently adjusting their requirements to the conditions created by the efforts of the Federal Reserve banks to enforce a curtailment of credits.

We are now at the season when general business becomes more active through larger expenditures in the farming communities. The rural sections this year will be well supplied with cash, and, notwithstanding the high cost of producing the crops, there will be a sufficient margin left over to provide for large investments in Liberty Bonds as well as for moderate purchases of luxuries.

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BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION

Allerton, M. The Lady of St. Luke's. Dodd, Mead. $1.40 net.
McCutcheon, G. B. The City of Masks. Dodd, Mead. $1.50 net.
Paine, R. D. The Call of the Offshore Wind. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Rice, A. H. Miss Mink's Soldier and Other Stories. Century. $1.25.
Storer, M. L. The Villa Rossignol. B. Herder.
Swayne, M. The Blue Germ. Doran. $1.50 net.

TRAVEL AND DESCRIPTION

Chase, B. The Dartmoor Window Again. Longmans, Green. $2 net.
Fraser, Mrs. H. A Diplomatist's Wife in Many Lands. Dodd, Mead. $3 net.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Harris, J. C. Life and Letters of Joel Chandler Harris. Houghton Mifflin. $3.50 net.
O'Connor, E. P. Herself—Ireland. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

THE WAR

Cassels, Scout J. The Black Watch. Doubleday. $1.25 net.
Copplestone, B. The Silent Watchers. Dutton. $2 net.
Davis, A. N. The Kaiser as I Know Him. Harpers. $2 net.
Schreiner, G. A. From Berlin to Bagdad. Harpers. $2 net.
Thompson, Theodora. The Coming Dawn. A War Anthology. John Lane. $1.50 net.
Vallotton, B. The Heart of Alsace. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.
Westcott, A. Mahan on Naval Warfare. Little, Brown. $2 net.
Wilson, L. B. America—Here and Over There. Abingdon Press. 75 cents net.

JUVENILE

Ames, J. B. The Mystery of Rab Island. Century. $1.35.
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